

LOOK

50 CENTS • FEBRUARY 21, 1967

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Air Force One

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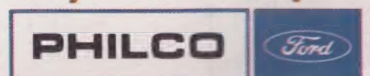
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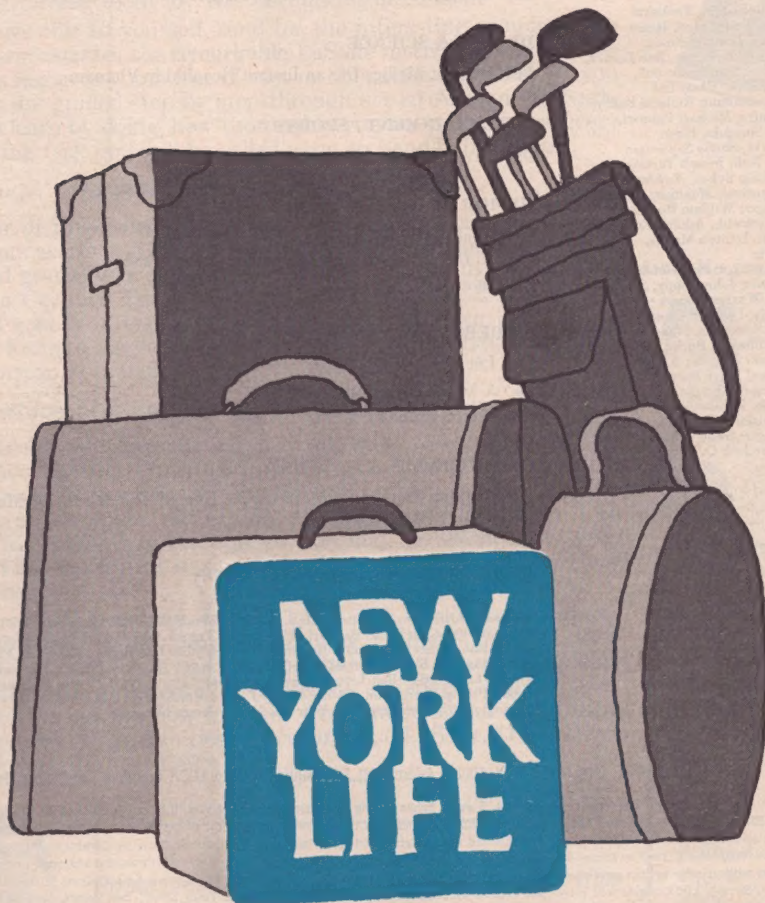
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LOOK

INCORPORATING COLLIER'S

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The abstracted Canadian at left is perhaps the most provocative and controversial writer of this generation. His book, *Understanding Media*, has already changed the world—and he has not finished. In this issue of LOOK, Marshall McLuhan joins Senior Editor George B. Leonard, winner of national awards for education writing, on a new pathfinding adventure. For their vision of the shape, the substance, the spirit of things to come, see *The Future of Education: The Class of 1989*, pages 23-25.

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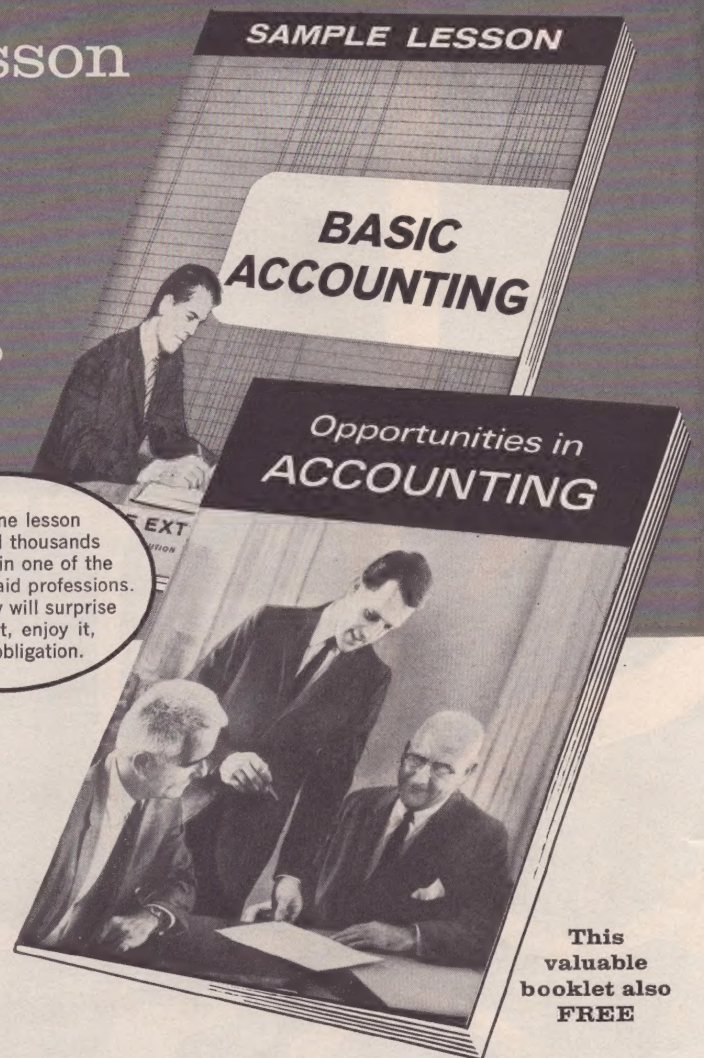
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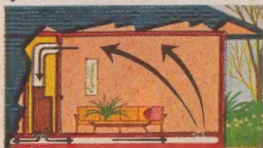
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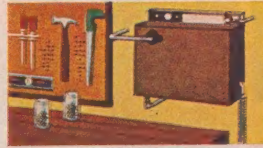
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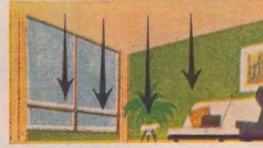
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Looking around with Zinsser

Enough is a warm too much

NOT LONG AGO I went into a bookstore and saw, side by side on one table, 18 different books by Charles Schulz, creator of *Peanuts*. Some were small paperbound reprints of the *Peanuts* comic strips that had originally run in newspapers. One, an item called *Snoopy and the Red Baron*, was described as Schulz's "first full-length novel," the full length being 58 pages. Next to it, in still another format, was *A Charlie Brown Christmas*, which briefly recounted Charlie Brown's search for "the true meaning of Christmas." Finally there were the little square manuals of instant philosophy—*Happiness Is a Warm Puppy*, *Security Is a Thumb and a Blanket*, etc.—in which the *Peanuts* characters dispense tiny aphorisms to help the rest of us tilt with emotional problems that have vexed mankind since Job.

A few days later I revisited the bookstore and the Wizard of Is had struck again. *Love Is Walking Hand in Hand* had joined the crowd, and so had *Home Is on Top of a Dog House*, which offered a dog's-eye view of the human plight, or the dog plight, or whatever plight it is that Snoopy has staked out as his psychological domain. Looming over them both was a giant *Peanuts* calendar-and-appointment book for 1967.

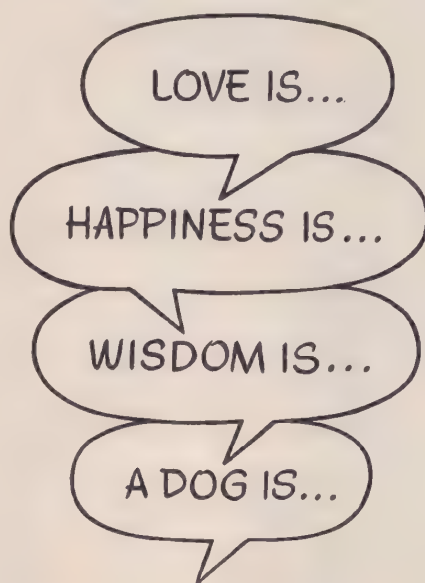
Not long afterward I went back and, sure enough, like crabgrass, new patches of Schulz were creeping along the table. A set of four diminutive books had sprouted overnight—*The Wisdom of Charlie Brown*, *Linus on Life*, *The World According to Lucy* and *Snoopy's Philosophy*—and two other newcomers were nearby. *I Need All the Friends I Can Get*, despite its title, turned out to be an "Is" book ("A friend is someone who likes you even when the other guys are around"), and beside it in a larger format was *Charlie Brown's All-Stars*, wherein Charlie Brown's baseball experiences were woven into a semblance of narrative running 44 pages and costing \$2.50.

This put the number of available *Peanuts* books near 30—not counting the *Peanuts* dolls that were propped around the various volumes, or the record album called *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*—and gave Schulz a comfortable edge over his nearest rival in the "Is" derby, Joan Walsh Anglund, author and illustrator of *A Friend Is Someone Who Likes You*, *Love Is a Special Way of Feeling*, *Spring Is a New Beginning* and a mere 13 other tiny books, including *A Joan Walsh Anglund Sampler* and *A Pocketful of Proverbs*. Mrs. Anglund, however, was well ahead in sugar content. At any rate, I felt that the time has come for Schulz to take his merchandise out of the bookstores and open a separate outlet for them—like Sears, Roebuck—in every major town, perhaps renting a corner in each one to Mrs. Anglund. (Love is a shop with a heart.)

Now from all of this you might well assume

that I am against love and that I hate *Peanuts*. On the contrary, I am for love, and *Peanuts* has been my favorite comic strip since it began. The recesses of my desk still yield yellow *Peanuts* strips from the early 1950's, clipped out of a newspaper because at some moment they coddled the Charlie Brown in me. To this day, in fact, I share so many of Charlie Brown's bright hopes that I often slip into the illusion that he exists. Last summer, trying to organize Sunday baseball in a small community, I invariably arrived ahead of time and stood on the pitcher's box (a wooden board), peering across the fields to see if anybody else, by any possible chance, might turn up. In this vigil I took comfort in the thought that somewhere Charlie Brown was doing the same.

But my affection no longer runs as deep, and it is not because Charlie Brown is any less my alter ego or the truths in *Peanuts* are any less true. It is because the sub-product is smothering my love of the product. I love comic strips as an art form, and I love books, and I love bookstores, and in cases



like this I feel that something is going out of all three—and therefore out of our lives.

Schulz first took a part of Charlie Brown away from me when he used his *Peanuts* characters in a series of ads for Falcon cars. I was hurt and puzzled to open a grown-up magazine and see my small friend touting a grown-up automobile. And why wouldn't I be? If there is one quality about Charlie Brown that particularly binds him to us as a character, it is his own hurt and puzzlement when innocence is betrayed. Few figures in fiction are so pure in heart. He will never stop believing Lucy when she promises not to snatch away the football that he is about to kick. And Lucy will never stop snatching it away.

We know this about them as surely as we

know how our own children will act. This is the special genius of a good comic strip: It is a daily play that involves us in the lives of another set of people. Chic Young's *Blondie*, for instance, has almost become our second family. We have spent so many years watching Blondie and Dagwood react to each other and to their children, to Mr. Dithers and Herb Woodley and salesmen at the door, that we identify with them in all the ordinary situations that we ourselves face. They tell us more about human nature than most novels or dramas.

Blondie and Dagwood, of course, have also strayed beyond their comic strip into richer pastures. This is, after all, the age of the "tie-in," and rare is the manufacturer of a pop hero—whether human (Mary Poppins), superhuman (James Bond) or subhuman (Mickey Mouse)—who has not inundated us with related toys, dolls and sweat-shirts. Still, when Blondie and Dagwood venture out into a movie or a comic book, they at least remain within a story line, true to their origins. I don't recall Dagwood's native wit ever being codified and sold as a separate piece of goods. He doesn't keep turning up in little books to tell us that happiness is a six-decker sandwich at midnight, or that love is saying you like your wife's outlandish new hat.

But the real danger with these little books of pop uplift—and with all the other little books of instant wisdom that have begun to flood America—is that they are too easy. I don't only mean that they are too easy for the Schulzes and the Anglunds and their publishers to crank out and for the booksellers to sell. They are also too easy for us to swallow. No truth worth knowing will surrender without a tussle, and the whole point of art is that an artist has worked long and hard to catch his private vision and we must share the journey. If we love a Bach fugue, say, or a Picasso painting or a Nabokov novel, it is because we have teased its meaning out—slowly and with a certain reverence. To have great poets there must be great audiences, Walt Whitman said, perhaps because he had so few. Or, as Thoreau wrote, "It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak, and another to hear."

Plenty of poets in our midst are trying to speak the truth today, or at least to grope for it. Edward Albee comes to mind because his latest play, *A Delicate Balance*, is a painful search into the very themes that are so dear to Schulzville. In the play, a family whose HAPPINESS has eroded finds its capacity for LOVE challenged when two FRIENDS unexpectedly move in because they "got frightened"—i.e., lost their SECURITY. (They don't have a DOG.)

The play is imperfect and often cloudy, but I enjoyed it. Albee is our best current playwright, a serious artist with a saving vein of humor, and I like to watch him tackling the big subjects, rebounding from old failures and risking new ones, trying to grow. He doesn't pamper himself or his audience, and I expect him to speak many truths in the years ahead that we will hear and value. Meanwhile I'm grateful to him in *A Delicate Balance* for confirming one belief that I was already fairly sure of: Happiness is not a warm puppy.

WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

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Letters to the Editor

☹☹The 'feminine mystique' is a product of bloated ennui. . . . It's a man's world for everyone except men.☹☹

MAN TANNED

Let man look freshly and anew at himself by reading your January 10 edition [*The American Man*, Look].

ROBERT L. HELVEY
U.S.S. Boxer (LPH-4)
FPO, N.Y.

My fear, however, is that someday in Germany, Italy or Mexico—places where men are still men and the women are glad, we may see classified ads: "Men wanted, real men—to serve as husbands and fathers in the United States."

WILLIAM M. KUNKLE
Oregon Citizens Press
Eugene, Ore.

MESSAGE

Patricia Coffin's zany conclusion—that a new effeminate cult of "she-men" is fathering American society—is sheer nonsense [*A Message To: The American Man* . . . From: Patricia Coffin, Look, January 10].

LINN WEISS
Columbia, Mo.

More than 60 years ago, when as a boy in Europe I required parental permission for something or other, my mother might give me one of three possible answers: Yes, no, or you better ask father. Papa had only two answers: Yes or no. Never in his 58 years of a happy marriage, blessed by four sons and two daughters, would it have occurred to him to say to one of his sons: You better ask mother. He was the responsible head of his family.

A. HERBERT JUDE
De Land, Fla.

Would you happily embrace an Anton B. Susany, male suffragette?

ARTHUR F. ROTHSCHILD
Denver, Colo.

Spank a shrewish, adulterous or domineering female, and the courts will, in some states, give her the car, the children and much of the family's assets, plus years of alimony. . . . Nature intended the stronger male to lead, but our laws have made it nearly impossible.

R. BAILEY
Salina, Kans.

The end effect appears to be demand for a return to the pre-twentieth-century concept of women as property. Man alive—but will it fly?

M. STACEY
Lansing, Mich.

Patricia Coffin's *Message* provides perfect, but ironic, proof of her theory. Only an American woman could write an article telling American men how they ought to behave.

MICHAEL A. ROSENHOUSE
Highland Park, Ill.

PATRICIA COFFIN,

URGE YOU RETURN TO YOUR PLACE AS HOUSEKEEPER AND MOM OF FAMILY SOONEST. SIGNED

THE AMERICAN MAN
Mt. Kisco, N.Y.

MAN AND SUBMAN

Chandler Brossard's statement is long overdue [*Who Says He's a Flop?*, Look, January 10]. The "feminine mystique" is a product of bloated ennui. . . . It's a man's world for everyone except men.

DONALD F. GOTTSCHALK
Philadelphia, Pa.

[Mr. Brossard] says: "What being a nice boy means is really quite terrifying. It means, don't be yourself, don't trust your own feelings or intuitions, don't cause people (adults) trouble by being honest and realistic." At which point, I can only put down my magazine, stare at you in amazement, and ask, "Do you know what you are saying?" . . . In any event, thank you for saying it.

MIRIAM SEGALL
New York, N.Y.

Chandler Brossard's description of the American Man is a painful one; his angry complaint against the women in his life . . . a familiar one. He is still blaming them for failing to make him the man they think he ought to be. How sad!

SALLY K. ROBINSON
Austin, Texas

HEFNER

It's great to find out about the King and his Castle. Long live the King! [Hugh Hefner: "I Am in the Center of the World," Look, January 10.]

DICK BARNES
Lumberton, N.C.

I was not in the least surprised to see Mr. Hefner, high priest of Eros, with that [clerical] collar around his neck. I was surprised, however, to see him without the leash.

E. R. COLE
Yakima, Wash.

Arnold Toynbee: "Of 21 notable civilizations, 19 perished, not from conquest from without but from decay within." Another historian, J. D. Unwin of Cambridge University, after studying 80 civilizations ranging over 4,000 years, concluded: "Any human society is free to choose either to display great energy, or to enjoy sexual freedom; the evidence is that they cannot do both for more than one generation."

MRS. GARLAND T. BROWN
Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Hedonism's egocentric crown, Compulsion driven—pleasure's slave; Is ever caught, and ever clown To all that's truth, this side the grave!

WILLARD P. BEARDSLEY
Magnolia, N.J.

THE WARRIOR

General Marshall is true to type [*He's Winning Our War in Vietnam*, Look, January 10]. In every war, the elderly armchair warrior has poured

continued

We pioneered in radio astronomy but bothered you with a wrong number

Sorry we don't have a good alibi, but we don't. Though machines do go haywire occasionally. And operators sometimes make mistakes. We don't make a lot of them. Still, even a few are a few too many. A wrong number, or

a disconnected call, or a missed appointment, concerns us just as much as our experiments in outer space. We may be the only phone company in town, but we try not to act like it.



AT&T
and Associated Companies





Calms anxiety lifts depression ...as it relieves headache pain

New Trend In Pain Relief:

When you have a headache you not only often suffer from pain but from anxiety tension and depression. Today's Anacin® now has a combined new action that actually calms anxiety and helps lift your depression as it turns off headache pain in minutes. You feel wonderfully relaxed and more cheerful again.

Anacin contains the compound doctors prescribe most for headaches. In fact, it's *twice as strong* in this as any other extra-strength tablet.

Only Anacin has this fortified combination of ingredients with a combined action that relieves pain, the underlying anxiety and helps brighten your spirits.

Next time try Anacin Tablets. See if Anacin doesn't work better for you.



Letters to the Editor continued

☹☹We were we, and they were they, and if we had to lie a little to keep the peace, we did it as readily as the State Department.☹☹

globs of nauseous sentimentality over the young men he is consigning to death and mutilation.

DR. BERTHA B. FAUST
Philadelphia, Pa.

I never knew that the American homosexual and Hugh Hefner commanded more pages of your magazine than our fighting men in Vietnam.

MARK SANDERS
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.

GAMES

Seeing this photograph [page 18, *The Games Men Play*, Look, January 10] plunked in the middle of your American Man exposé, one cannot help but feel a mixture of ecstasy and horror. On the one hand, the "fat little frog" celebrates the manhood and fertility of his father. On the other hand, who knows what Oedipal hang-up will take hold of the little frog and turn him into homosexual, dropout, cop-out, tyrant, futilist or failure? With each new birth, one hopes for the rebirth of a healthy generation of (God bless them) men.

JUDITH BURSTEIN
Jamaica, N.Y.

SAD "GAY" LIFE

In order to clear up any possible misunderstanding, confusion, or source of embarrassment to my wife, my family, my friends and clients, I wish to make it absolutely clear that the JERRY READ, depicted in your January 10th issue [*The Sad "Gay" Life*, Look] as an admitted homosexual, bears no relationship to the JERE READ who has resided in Tucson, Arizona, for the past twenty years.

(JERE) EDGAR M. READ
Attorney-at-Law
Tucson, Ariz.

Tucson Attorney Read is absolutely correct.—Ed.

If fraudulent and Christian juju men cannot recognize us as human beings and citizens with a right to work, to create, to contribute, and a right to love, we can only reply that homosexuality was here before their respective superstitions and will be here after they have ceased to exist.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS OF PRICE
Don Felton, Secretary
Mike Steele, Liaison Officer
Los Angeles, Calif.

The author seems to think we should change the laws to fit the deviate. How naive can he be?

MRS. EVELYN BARWICK
Elkhart, Ind.

The most obvious omission concerns the question of achievement and contribution to culture and society. It is here that the homosexual stands far and above the so-called normal group, especially in the world of the arts. While comprising only a few percent of the total population, they represent 25 to 75 percent of all the important artists, designers, decorators, dancers,

actors and musicians . . . as well as many important playwrights and writers.

PAUL R. GOLDMAN
Attorney-at-Law
Chicago, Ill.

If you can't properly report a disease as a disease, then you are indeed yourself a sort of disease.

MERRY GAIN
Joliet, Ill.

SOCIAL DROPOUT

Last evening, alternately watching Al Capp being interviewed on TV and reading *The Social Dropout* [Look, January 10], my first impression was that Tony Conrad lacked imagination toward the negative little world he calls his own. . . . Then, that night, I had a dream—that LBJ appointed Al Capp [as] Poverty Program Administrator and sent him to East Village. Mr. Capp placed Tony Conrad upon his knee. Waxing eloquent, he told him about morals, God, respect, integrity, patriotism, ambition, initiative, "elbow grease," etc. Tony emerged with a sense of direction, sound values, confident in being successfully creative with the abilities God gave him. He even voted!—Then I awoke.

JUDY MACK HENNER
Marshall, Minn.

The term "underground" regarding Tony Conrad seems, from my point of view, far from the mark. Conrad, and the rest of his mark are far from being underground. . . . T. S. Eliot should, by far, be the most worthy of such a definition. There have been, I am sure, few poets who cried as skillfully of the downfall of Western civilization while working all the while for, of all institutions, the Bank of England. . . . If the current college scene is the activist generation, then we were the cool generation, the ones who lurked in the shadow of Korea and the Cold War. . . . Even in college, we stayed cool. If we dissented heartily enough, we simply left, and that was that. There was never any moral question about life, much less society. We were we, and they were they, and if we had to lie a little to keep the peace, we did it as readily as the State Department. . . . [I am] U.S. born and South Africa raised. Ex-paratrooper. Socialist. Willing to go to Vietnam only if able to make a public statement against American involvement in the war. Labeled by friends in opposing camps as both a pinko and a Fascist. Strong advocate of tradition yet the first to attack old men in high places.

E. D. WEBBER
Stateline, Calif.

Address letters to Editor of LOOK, 488 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10022. No anonymous letters will be considered for publication.

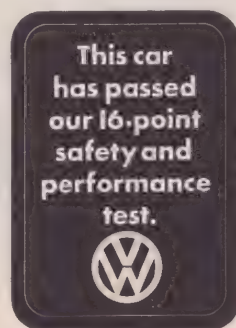
**Let's say you just bought
a used car from a VW dealer.
You're driving along a peaceful
country road and the motor quits,
the transmission drops out,
the rear axle breaks
and the electric clock starts to work.
Don't worry.**

Volkswagen dealers guarantee their used cars. And the guarantee covers everything that makes a car tick.

So the engine, transmission, and rear axle will all be repaired or replaced free.

In fact, even if the electrical system shorts out the front axle assemblies become unassembled and the brakes go out of adjustment on that peaceful country road, he'll repair or replace them free, too. Because he guarantees them all 100% for 30 days or 1000 miles. Whichever comes first.

If you know about used cars, you know that this is the period when anything big that's going to go wrong with one will usually go wrong. Though nobody will be more surprised if it does than a Volkswagen dealer.



He completely inspects every car he gets as a trade-in. And anything that needs repairing or replacing gets repaired or replaced right then and there, before he puts the Volkswagen guarantee sticker on the windshield.

Just so you won't be misled, it doesn't have to be a Volkswagen to rate the sticker. You'd be surprised at all the big cars people trade in just to get their hands on one of our little ones.

Big or little, any trade-ins with a guarantee sticker on them already have some of the dealer's money in them.

Enough for him to want to be really sure the one you drive away in isn't going to come back and cost him more.

But if it should, (1) it's sort of nice to know you have a place to bring it back to, and (2) better him than you.

Look for this sticker and you won't get stuck.

The spoiler.



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The Gillette Super Stainless is not just a new blade. It's a whole new standard of shaving.

And that's why it's getting a reputation as "The Spoiler". You try it once, and you can never again go back to your old standards. You've been irretrievably spoiled.

What does it is the miracle plastic coating baked onto the edge. You'll notice the reduction in pull immediately.

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Just be sure the package says "Gillette Super Stainless". If you want to be *properly* spoiled.

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The green bottle with the red J&B on the label; that's the one that pours more pleasure, the one whose flavour bespeaks the happy blending of many noble scotch whiskies. Compare J&B Rare.

You will make a most rewarding discovery. Treasured J&B Rare is shipped by the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks which numbered Charles Dickens among its many patrons.



PENNIES MORE IN COST • WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

In the Know



The season's most hair-raising play (it sent one New York critic screaming into the off-Broadway night) is Jean-Claude van Itallie's *America Hurrah*. This acclaimed satire on three aspects of U.S. life horrifies audiences by using ancient stage devices to lampoon modern institutions. In Part One, James Barbosa, as an impersonal employment interviewer, wears a plastic mask, intones ritualistic mumbo jumbo; in Part Two, as a TV actor, he has horizontal lines etched across his face; in Part Three, as a vile, destructive motel guest, he dons a grotesque woman's head and body. Backstage (above), he gratefully flips his lid.

Now that bicycle riders may pedal off the beaten bike path on Sundays in Manhattan's Central Park, the trend is for a whole party to set out early in the morning and spin from one end of the park to the other. Two such groups call themselves "The Vicious Cyclists" and "The Wheeler Dealers." Leader of the latter, New Yorker Robert Taplinger, who rides with such daredevils as Hugh O'Brian, Rita Gam, Ziva Rodann and Frederick Brisson, tells of the sort of happening en route that would delight Commissioner of Parks Thomas P. E. Hoving. Taplinger and his pack rode into a scene for the movie *Barefoot in the Park*, were hired by producer Hal Wallis for a bit ride in the film.



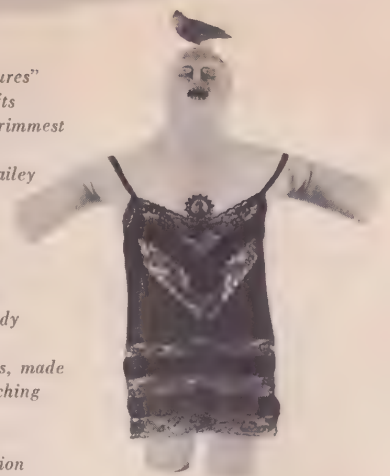
British actor David Hemmings (left), who plays an anti-hero in Antonioni's latest non-movie, *Blow-Up*, had a lot of positive observations recently on his first trip to America. "I love New York," he said, even after strolling through Central Park. On men's fashions in London, he reported: "The styles are moving from mod Carnaby Street to the more elegant Jermyn Street. Lines are more classical—like this semi-Edwardian jacket I'm wearing with hidden pockets in the vents." On the latest "in" talk among young Londoners, he commented: "Birds (girls) are now called 'Richard' and are classified as 'Wags' (What a good sort) or 'Nabs' (Not a bad sort). 'Robert E. Lee' is a model; 'moody' is somebody with Anglo-Saxonchutzpa." A Richard's rear: "Excalibur."

That banjo parlor—Your Father's Mustache—that sprouted so modestly in Cape Cod three years ago will have branches in 15 U.S. cities by early summer. The beer-and-peanut emporiums jump with community singing and banjo music played by young bucks in straw skimmers. Added treat at five of the handlebars: A weekly skier's night with all the *Glüh Wein* (hot mulled wine) you can drink and all the Alpine stew you can eat for \$1.50.

The New York version of a happening that is now touring other U.S. locales was heralded thus by its flack: "And so it shall come to pass that the three wise men (Dr. Timothy Leary, Dr. Ralph Metzner and Allen Ginsberg) of the League for Spiritual Discovery present a religious spectacular—*Illumination of The Buddha*. . . . Leary shall deliver a sermon. . . . And the multitudes shall gather unto him chanting, 'Our father who are in Millbrook [N.Y.].'"



The recent exhibition of "People Figures" at the Museum of Contemporary Crafts in Manhattan proved that even the grimmest people can be funny when graced by an artist's hand. American Clayton Bailey chose for his subject the nation's least comical group—California's Hell's Angels—and caricatured them (above) as rubber latex figures with Rasputin-like faces. . . . German Irena Martens fashioned a modern lady (right) out of papier-mâché, cloth, feathers and miscellaneous materials, made the distorted figure appealing by perching a bird on her bald head. Other contemporary types on display: Miss Miami Beach, Comic Strip Girl, Fashion Figure in Flag Dress and Uncle Sam.



Those endless movie credits that bog down most Hollywood epics before they start are getting their comeuppance in a screwy short called *The Creditors*. Showing in theaters nationwide, the gem consists of a murder interspersed with nine minutes of foolish credits, followed, not by a movie, but by the legend: The End.

You may have just won a \$100 Night-on-the-town



It's the \$1,000,000 Night People Sweepstakes

10,000 winners!

Match this stencil to a Parliament package
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If the stencil matches exactly, start making plans.

You've just won \$100!

Spend it all in one night...or any way you wish.

10,000 winners! \$100 each!

A million dollars in all.

And you may already be a winner!

Night People smoke Parliament They like the style of this cigarette.

Parliament is made a different way
with a firm tip, and the filter
that's recessed inside a mouthpiece.
That's what makes it taste good.
Try Parliament. Tonight!



YOU'LL FIND QUALITY IN OUR CORNER



Nabisco likes to pour it on thick

Thick, rich pure chocolate poured lavishly on Chocolate PINWHEELS Cakes. Super-delicious goodness over NABISCO Creme Wafer Sticks (two crisp wafers, with creme-y filling) and NABISCO Fancy Grahams (crunchy graham's inside). Back to more pure chocolate for IDEAL Chocolate Peanut Bars (full of toasted peanut bits). Then there are those marvelously-coated marvelously-marshmallow MINARETS Cakes.

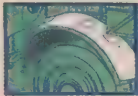
If you like the idea of cookies generously covered, give these a try. And don't hold back. Nabisco doesn't.






Its new look is just one nice thing about the '67 Chevy pickup




THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHERS.

We got tough about new ideas to make it last longer . . . like eliminating exposed sheet metal joints on the cargo box. And building self-washing wheelhousings  and special splash shields . . . new ideas to retard corrosion.

For safety's sake, we built in a new telescoping lower  steering shaft, and a dual master cylinder brake system. Added color and style to the spacious, comfortable cab interior. Then closed the whole package with a one-hand tailgate latch. 

We kept a lot, too . . . like smooth-riding Independent Front Suspension and the most popular truck sixes and V8's. 

Got the picture? So has your Chevrolet dealer. See him soon. Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan. 



a brand new breed of pickups

THE FUTURE OF EDUCATION

THE CLASS OF 1989



BY MARSHALL McLuhan and GEORGE B. LEONARD

THE TIME IS COMING, if it is not already here, when children can learn far more, far faster in the outside world than within schoolhouse walls. "Why should I go back to school and interrupt my education?" the high-school dropout asks. His question is impudent but to the point. The modern urban environment is packed with energy and information—diverse, insistent, compelling. Four-year-olds, as school innovators are fond of saying, may spend their playtimes discussing the speed, range and flight characteristics of jet aircraft, only to return to a classroom and "string some more of those old beads." The 16-year-old who drops out of school may be risking his financial future, but he is not necessarily lacking in intelligence. One of the unexpected statistics

of recent years comes from Dr. Louis Bright, Associate U.S. Commissioner of Education for Research. His studies show that, in large cities where figures are available, dropouts have higher average IQ scores than high-school graduates.

This danger signal is only one of many now flashing in school systems throughout the world. The signals say that something is out of phase, that most present-day schools may be lavishing vast and increasing amounts of time and energy preparing students for a world that no longer exists. Though this is a time of educational experiments, the real reforms that might be expected have as yet touched only a small proportion of our schools. In an age when even such staid institutions as banks and

insurance companies have been altered almost beyond recognition, today's typical classroom—in physical layout, method and content of instruction—still resembles the classroom of 30 or more years ago.

Resistance to change is understandable and perhaps unavoidable in an endeavor as complex as education, dealing as it does with human lives. But the status quo may not endure much longer. The demands, the very nature of this age of new technology and pervasive electric circuitry, barely perceived because so close at hand, will shape education's future. By the time this year's babies have become 1989's graduates (if college "graduation" then exists), schooling as we now know it may be only a memory.

Mass education is a child of a mechanical
continued

EDUCATION CONTINUED

age. It grew up along with the production line. It reached maturity just at that historical moment when Western civilization had attained its final extreme of fragmentation and specialization, and had mastered the linear technique of stamping out products in the mass.

It was this civilization's genius to manipulate matter, energy and human life by breaking every useful process down into its functional parts, then producing any required number of each. Just as shaped pieces of metal became components of a locomotive, human specialists become components of the great social machine.

In this setting, education's task was fairly simple: decide what the social machine needs, then turn out people who match those needs. The school's function was not so much to encourage people to keep exploring, learning and, therefore, changing throughout life as to slow and control those very processes of personal growth and change. Providing useful career or job skills was only a small part of this educational matching game. All students, perhaps more so in the humanities than the sciences and technologies, were furnished standard "bodies of knowledge," vocabularies, concepts and ways of viewing the world. Scholarly or trade journals generally held a close check on standard perceptions in each special field.

Specialization and standardization produced close resemblance and, therefore, hot competition between individuals. Normally, the only way a person could differentiate himself from the fellow specialists next to him was by doing the same thing better and faster. Competition, as a matter of fact, became the chief motive force in mass education, as in society, with grades and tests of all sorts gathering about them a power and glory all out of proportion to their quite limited function as learning aids.

Then, too, just as the old mechanical production line pressed physical materials into preset and unvarying molds, so mass education tended to treat students as objects to be shaped, manipulated. "Instruction" generally meant pressing information onto passive students. Lectures, the most common mode of instruction in mass education, called for very little student involvement. This mode, one of the least effective ever devised by man, served well enough in an age that demanded only a specified

fragment of each human being's whole abilities. There was, however, no warranty on the human products of mass education.

That age has passed. More swiftly than we can realize, we are moving into an era dazzlingly different. Fragmentation, specialization and sameness will be replaced by wholeness, diversity and, above all, a deep involvement.

Already, mechanized production lines are yielding to electronically controlled, computerized devices that are quite capable of producing any number of varying things out of the same material. Even today, most U.S. automobiles are, in a sense, custom produced. Figuring all possible combinations of styles, options and colors available on a certain new family sports car, for example, a computer expert came up with 25 million different versions of it for a buyer. And that is only a beginning. When automated electronic production reaches full potential, it will be just about as cheap to turn out a million differing objects as a million exact duplicates. The only limits on production and consumption will be the human imagination.

Similarly, the new modes of instantaneous, long-distance human communication—radio, telephone, television—are linking the world's people in a vast net of electric circuitry that creates a new depth and breadth of personal involvement in events and breaks down the old, traditional boundaries that made specialization possible.

The very technology that now cries out for a new mode of education creates means for getting it. But new educational devices, though important, are not as central to tomorrow's schooling as are new roles for student and teacher. Citizens of the future will find much less need for sameness of function or vision. To the contrary, they will be rewarded for diversity and originality. Therefore, any real or imagined need for standardized classroom presentation may rapidly fade; the very first casualty of the present-day school system may well be the whole business of teacher-led instruction as we now know it.

Tomorrow's educator will be able to set about the exciting task of creating a new kind of learning environment. Students will rove freely through this place of learning, be it contained in a room, a building, a cluster of buildings or (as we shall see later) an even larger schoolhouse. There will be no distinction between work and play in the new school, for the student will be totally involved. Responsibility for the effectiveness of learning will be shifted from student to teacher.

As it is now, the teacher has a ready-made audience. He is assured of a full house and a long run. Those students who don't like the show get flunking grades. If students are free to move anywhere they please, however, there is an entirely new situation, and the quality of the experience called education will change drastically. The educator then will naturally have a high stake in generating interest and involvement for his students.

To be involved means to be drawn in, to interact. To go on interacting, the student must *get somewhere*. In other words, the student and the learning environment (a person, a group of people, a book, a programmed course, an electronic learning console or whatever) must respond to each other in a pleasing and purposeful interplay. When a situation of involvement is set up, the student finds it hard to drag himself away.

The notion that free-roving students would loose

chaos on a school comes only from thinking of education in the present mode—as *teaching* rather than *learning*—and from thinking of learning as something that goes on mostly in classrooms. A good example of education by free interaction with a responsive environment already exists, right before our eyes. Watch a child learn to talk or, for an even more striking case, watch a five-year-old learn a new language. If the child moves to a foreign country and is allowed to play intensely and freely with neighborhood children—with *no language "instruction" whatever*—he will learn the new tongue, accent free, in two or three months. If instruction is attempted, however, the child is in trouble.

Imagine, if you will, what would happen if we set the five-year-old down in a classroom, allowed him to leave his seat only at prescribed times, presented only a few new words at a sitting, made him learn each group before going on to the next, drilled him on pronunciation, corrected his "mistakes," taught him grammar, gave him homework assignments, tested him and—worst of all—convinced him that the whole thing was work rather than play. In such a case, the child might learn the new language as slowly and painfully as do teen-agers or adults. Should an adult try to learn a language by intense play and interaction, he would probably do much better than he would in a classroom, but still fall short of a young child's performance. Why? The adult has already learned the lessons that the old schooling teaches so well: inhibition, self-consciousness, categorization, rigidity and the deep conviction that learning is hard and painful work.

Indeed, the old education gives us a sure-fire prescription for creating dislike of any type of human activity, no matter how appealing it might seem. To stop children from reading comic books (which might be ill-advised), you would only have to assign and test them on their content every week.

Learning a new language is a giant feat, compared to which mastering most of the present school curriculum should prove relatively simple. Long before 1989, all sorts of equipment will be available for producing responsive environments in all the subject matter now commonly taught, and more. Programmed instruction, for example, creates high involvement, since it draws the student along in a sort of dialogue, letting him respond at frequent intervals. Programming at its best lets the student learn commonly-agreed-upon cultural techniques and knowledge—reading, spelling, arithmetic, geography and the like—in his own time, at his own pace. But present-day programming may soon seem crude in light of current developments. Computers will be able to understand students' written or spoken responses. (Already, they understand typed responses.) When these computers are hooked into learning consoles, the interplay between student and learning program can become even more intense.

When computers are properly used, in fact, they are almost certain to increase individual diversity. A worldwide network of computers will make all of mankind's factual knowledge available to students everywhere in a matter of minutes or seconds. Then, the human brain will not have to serve as a repository of specific facts, and the uses of memory will shift. In the new education, breaking the timeworn, rigid chains of memory may have greater priority than forging new links. New materials may be learned just as were the great myths

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Marshall McLuhan is perhaps the most provocative and controversial thinker of this generation. His books, such as *Understanding Media*, have challenged many established notions about man and civilization. Now director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, Professor McLuhan next fall will take the \$100,000-a-year Albert Schweitzer Chair in the Humanities at Fordham University in New York. **George B. Leonard**, West Coast Editorial Manager and senior editor for LOOK, has received more national awards for education writing than anyone in the history of magazine journalism. Leonard often serves as an educational consultant on both the East and West Coast and has a book on education in progress. The authors' present collaboration grew from a series of intensive discussions in San Francisco and Toronto.

of past cultures—as fully integrated systems that resonate on several levels and share the qualities of poetry and song.

Central school computers can also help keep track of students as they move freely from one activity to another, whenever moment-by-moment or year-by-year records of students' progress are needed. This will wipe out even the administrative justification for schedules and regular periods, with all their anti-educational effects, and will free teachers to get on with the real business of education. Even without computers, however, experimental schools (see *The Moment of Learning*, LOOK, December 27, 1966) are now finding that fixed schedules and restrictions on students' movements are artificial and unnecessary.

Television will aid students in exploring and interacting with a wide-ranging environment. It will, for example, let them see into the atom or out into space; visualize their own brainwaves; create artistic patterns of light and sound; become involved with unfamiliar old or new ways of living, feeling, perceiving; communicate with other learners, wherever in the world they may be.

Television will be used for involvement, for two-way communication, whether with other people or other environmental systems. It will most certainly not be used to present conventional lectures, to imitate the old classroom. That lectures frequently do appear on educational television points up mankind's common practice of driving pell-mell into the future with eyes fixed firmly on the rearview mirror. The content of each brand new medium thus far has always been the ordinary stuff of the past environment.

The student of the future will truly be an explorer, a researcher, a huntsman who ranges through the new educational world of electric circuitry and heightened human interaction just as the tribal huntsman ranged the wilds. Children, even little children, working alone or in groups, will seek their own solutions to problems that perhaps have never been solved or even conceived as problems. It is necessary here to distinguish this exploratory activity from that of the so-called "discovery method," championed by some theorists, which is simply a way of leading children around to standard perceptions and approved solutions.

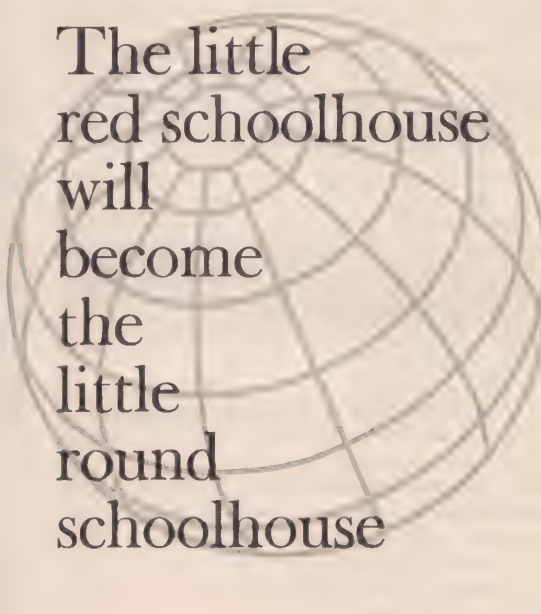
Future educators will value, not fear, fresh approaches, new solutions. Among their first tasks, in fact, may be *unlearning* the old, unacknowledged taboos on true originality. After that, they may well pick up a new driving style in which they glance into the rearview mirror when guidance from the past is needed but spend far more time looking forward into the unfamiliar, untested country of the present and future.

In a sense, the mass-produced student of the present and past always turned out to be a commodity—replaceable, expendable. The new student who makes his own educational space, his own curriculum and even develops many of his own learning methods will be unique, irreplaceable.

What will motivate the new student? Wide variations between individuals will make competition as we now know it irrelevant and, indeed, impossible. Unstandardized life will not provide the narrow measures needed for tight competition, and schools will find it not only unnecessary but nearly

impossible to give ordinary tests or grades. Motivation will come from accomplishment itself; no one has to be forced to play. Form and discipline will spring from the very nature of the matter being explored, just as it does in artistic creation. If the student of the future may be compared with the child at play, he also resembles the artist at work.

A strange dilemma seems to arise: It appears that, with the new modes of learning, all the stuff of present-day education can be mastered much more quickly and easily than ever before. Right now, good programmed instruction is cutting the time for learning certain basic material by one-half or one-third. What will students do with all the time that is going to be gained? The problem is not a real one. With students constantly researching and exploring, each discovery will open up a



The little red schoolhouse will become the little round schoolhouse

new area for study. There is no limit on learning.

We are only beginning to realize what a tiny slice of human possibilities we now educate. In fragmenting all of existence, Western civilization hit upon one aspect, the literate and rational, to develop at the expense of the rest. Along with this went a lopsided development of one of the senses, the visual. Such personal and sensory specialization was useful in a mechanical age, but is fast becoming outmoded. Education will be more concerned with training the senses and perceptions than with stuffing brains. And this will be at no loss for the "intellect." Studies show a high correlation between sensory, bodily development—now largely neglected—and intelligence.

Already, school experimenters are teaching written composition with tape recorders (just as students play with these marvelous devices) in an attempt to retrain the auditory sense, to recapture the neglected rhythms of speech. Already, experimental institutes are working out new ways to educate people's neglected capacities to relate, to feel, to sense, to create. Future schooling may well move into many unexplored domains of human existence. People will learn much in 1989 that today does not even have a commonly accepted name.

Can we view this future, the hard and fast of it? Never, for it will always come around a corner we never noticed, take us by surprise. But studying the future helps us toward understanding the present. And the present offers us glimpses, just glimpses: Seven-year-olds (the slowest of them) sitting at electronic consoles finishing off, at their own pace, all they'll ever need in the basic skills of reading, writing and the like; eight-year-olds playing games that teach what we might call math or logic in terms of, say, music and the sense of touch; nine-year-olds joining together in large plastic tents to build environments that give one the *experience* of living in the Stone Age or in a spaceship or in an even more exotic place—say, 19th-century America; ten-year-olds interacting with five-year-olds, showing them the basics (now unknown) of human relations or of the relationships between physical movements and mental states.

In all of this, the school—that is, an institution of learning confined to a building or buildings—can continue to hold a central position only if it changes fast enough to keep pace with the seemingly inevitable changes in the outside world. The school experience can well become so rich and compelling that there will be no dropouts, only determined drop-ins. Even so, the walls between school and world will continue to blur.

Already it is becoming clear that the main "work" of the future will be education, that people will not so much earn a living as learn a living. Close to 30 million people in the U.S. are now pursuing some form of adult education, and the number shoots skyward. Industry and the military, as well as the arts and sciences, are beginning to consider education their main business.

The university is fast becoming not an isolated bastion but an integral part of the community. Eventually, nearly every member of a community may be drawn into its affairs. The university of the future could offer several degrees of "membership," from everyday full-time participation to subscriptions to its "news service," which would be received in the home on electronic consoles.

Already, though not many journalists or college presidents realize it, the biggest news of our times is coming from research in the institutions of higher learning—new scientific discoveries, new ways of putting together the webs of past and current history, new means for apprehending and enjoying the stuff of sensory input, of interpersonal relations, of involvement with all of life.

The world communications net, the all-involving linkage of electric circuitry, will grow and become more sensitive. It will also develop new modes of feedback so that communication can become dialogue instead of monologue. It will breach the wall between "in" and "out" of school. It will join all people everywhere. When this has happened, we may at last realize that our place of learning is the world itself, the entire planet we live on. The little red schoolhouse is already well on its way toward becoming the little round schoolhouse.

Someday, all of us will spend our lives in our own school, the world. And education—in the sense of learning to love, to grow, to change—can become not the woeful preparation for some job that makes us less than we could be but the very essence, the joyful whole of existence itself. **END**

THE

BY JOHN POPPY LOOK SENIOR EDITOR

"THOSE PEOPLE GO like *this*," Bobby Jameson said, grinding his fist into the table as if to squash a big bug. "Instead of asking, 'Hey, what's really the matter?' they say, 'Well [*squash*], that takes care of *him*. . .'"

By "those people," he meant not only the Los Angeles policemen who had just broken up a gathering of shaggy youngsters on the Sunset Strip. He was indicting an entire adult world. Many adults would be just as quick to indict him as a querulous misfit; Jameson, pictured at the right in his everyday clothes, is the kind of young person whose looks bewilder his elders.

He belongs to the most visible generation in history. Reporters, photographers and even scholars have jostled the cops to watch the young in protests from the 1960 sit-ins to Berkeley and the Strip's latest uproar, and they will surely appear next month for the Easter-vacation mob scene at some stunned beach town. Yet what shows most vividly is just surface. The activists, the talkers, the gaudy minstrels are spokesmen, but they have misled older people—by appearing easy to dismiss.

Yes, there's a great distance between us and those long-haired hippies, many adults say, but they don't represent *my* children. Sure, my son and daughter have some trouble communicating with me, but that gap between generations is nothing new; when they grow up, we'll understand each other.

It's true, there is nothing new in youth refusing to see eye-to-eye with its elders, shocking them and trying to change the world. Pushy young people from Alexander the Great through Joan of Arc, Einstein (26 when he published his special theory of relativity) and SNCC's Black Powerites have forced change upon their times. Of their passions, poet Robinson Jeffers says:

Age has infirmities

Not few, but youth is all one fever.

Not so fast. Strong evidence now shows that the glacier of tradition is breaking up, that a "generation gap" wider than we suspect is opening under us. It appears—if you look—not just at the extreme edges of our society but right across the middle: in schools, homes and businesses where young people challenge not just their elders' authority but their most elemental ways of seeing the world.

If you were of age to go to war in 1941, you are probably the parent of some of the 38,000,000 Americans now between the ages of 14 and 25. You fought, won, and came back to cash in on the good life you'd defended. In 1947, birth year of the biggest bulge of children in the present 14 to 25 group, median income in the United States was \$3,031. Before the end of 1966, you raised that to \$6,882. The poor see the rest of us surrounded by cars, food, all the rewards of hard work. Here the U.S. is—the richest, strongest nation on earth. The business community, creator of all that wealth, is more powerful and important than ever before.

Look at a few of youth's responses.

Do they crowd in for their piece of the action? Hardly. In 1960, 39 percent of Harvard's senior class entered business after graduation. In 1964, the percentage sank to 14. By 1966, a Harris Poll showed the trend

deepening, with only 12 percent of college seniors across the nation thinking of business careers. By contrast, twice as many wanted to be teachers.

Remember Pearl Harbor? Would student-body presidents and campus editors of 100 top colleges have written to the President during World War II to warn him of widespread fears that the Government was lying to its people? It happened just over a month ago. Troubled by "apparent contradictions" between American statements and actions in Vietnam, the student leaders wrote: "Unless this conflict can be eased, the United States will find some of her most loyal and courageous young people choosing to go to jail rather than bear their country's arms." Signers of the letter are popularly elected leaders from Duke, Indiana, North Carolina, Columbia, UCLA, Berkeley, Stanford and 93 other schools in every region of the country. "There are many who are deeply troubled," they told the President, "for every one who has been outspoken in dissent."

Heroes? In a 1966 Look survey, 550 teen-agers faltered when asked if they had any. Most weren't sure what a hero was. They struggled to list JFK, Mickey Mantle, Elvis Presley, Dr. Tom Dooley—but not one mentioned the 36th President of the United States.

Whom have they made rich and famous, all by themselves? Mainly male entertainers wearing bright, pretty shirts, tight pants and hair down to their shoulders. Would you have let yourself be caught snapping your fingers to such people's tunes? Now, even youngsters who don't copy the hairstyles do buy the records (over \$100,000,000 worth of 45's in 1965). And does the message sound like that old favorite of the late thirties, *Deep Purple*?

Thru the mist of a memory

You wander back to me,

Breathing my name with a sigh.

No. It's The Mamas and the Papas' *Words of Love***:

If you love her, then you must send her

Somewhere where she's never been before.

Worn out phrases and longin' gazes

Won't get you where you ought to go. (No!)

Where are they going? Ask the old question nowadays and you may find yourself struck by "gap-osis," a disease of both old and young. Its symptoms: asking a person a question in language that means nothing to him—as if you were to quiz a chemistry major about phlogiston—then not even realizing that you don't understand his answer.

Does schoolmaster Spencer Brown understand how little his credentials mean to the subjects of his *New York Times Magazine* article, *We Can't Appease the Younger Generation*? To establish himself as a swinger who knows youth, he says he admires ". . . Freud and Dewey. . . ." *Freud*? A liberal totem? Freud's little world of repressions and limitations strikes intelligent young people today as musty and quaint. Ah, gaposis.

Nobody is at fault here. The young display their own gaposis by *blaming* adults, as if grown-ups had the power to rectify—zap!—all sorts of evil from poverty to turned-off emotions to war. Too many youthful critics

forget the adults who fought to defeat the tuberculosis that killed Keats at 25 and the government that built Buchenwald—people who provide more freedom for their children to speak up than do parents in China, Russia, Cuba and even France. Maybe they forget because so many adult charities and drives against this disease or that injustice look to them like little but a cover for deeper maladies—a wry good try with little expectation of success.

If you are over 40, you passed your childhood in a world so different from that of your children that you probably do not understand their expectations, to say nothing of agreeing with them. You collaborated in changes that now shape your children; you helped give them a way of seeing that is radically different from your own. Think of things you didn't have that today's 20-year-old takes for granted:

Unprecedented prosperity. Your children have never known a depression. They see no reason to put off using their money. Teen-agers spent \$18 billion last year, and the Youth Research Institute figures that by 1970, they'll be spending \$30 billion.

Automobiles and tract houses. The first Levittown opened in 1947. Now, wherever you look, families are living in huge clumps of cookie-cutter houses. Split from relatives and old friends, these capsular families are on their own, and they need a car to get the groceries. The car takes the young where they want to go.

H-bombs and ICBM's. The atomic bomb was terrifying in 1945; but the hydrogen bomb in 1952, married to a missile that gets it to you in half an hour, means that this generation is the first that never knew the days when only God could end the world. A new situation, in which a decision by a man can undo everything evolution has built over three billion years, gives moral questions—and questions of sanity—a new vitality.

Computers. There were perhaps 15 computers whirling in the U.S. when the first commercial one—UNIVAC—went on the market in 1950. Now, there are over 35,000, and by 1975, the number may be 85,000. A problem that took an hour on the best 1950 machine can be done now in three seconds. People who have worked with a computer say it changes the way you think. First, it gives you the power to do in a few minutes something a pre-computer person could not have done in a lifetime. Second, you realize that you command a genie of absolute literal-mindedness; it can surprise and embarrass you by doing *exactly* what you ask it to, thus forcing you to face the actual consequences of your speculations. Put it to me straight or leave me alone, it tells you.

Proliferation of mathematical and physical systems. "Two plus two equals four" is no longer a useful idea in some kinds of math. People once treated *descriptions*—say, of atoms—as if they were reality, but now, we assume they are just models. Instead of rigid laws, there may be just different ways of perceiving how things work in the universe. For example, Newton

*FROM THE SONG "DEEP PURPLE." LYRIC BY MITCHELL PARISH, MUSIC BY PETER DE ROSE © 1934 (RENEWED), 1939, ROBBINS MUSIC CORP., N. Y., USED BY PERMISSION.

**"WORDS OF LOVE." BY JOHN PHILLIPS © 1966, TROUSDALE MUSIC PUBLISHERS, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. USED BY PERMISSION.

"You are blind to reality, unconscious to love and deaf to all the crying," this young man accuses his elders. His passion is extreme—but pay attention, for it signals an explosive widening of the old gulf between parent and child.

GENERATION



described gravitation as a sort of attraction between two objects; his law ruled until Einstein's view of gravitation as a warp in the space-time continuum also proved useful. "Reality" becomes subject to interpretation, not just in faraway mystical religions, but right here.

Paperback books. They blossomed in the early 1950's. Now, the work of scholars, explorers, artists and hacks fits all pockets. Forgettable novelists sell, but so do reformers like Paul Goodman and Edgar Friedenberg.

Relativity of moral systems. Anthropologists got into the paperbacks with news of hundreds of different, workable ways in which people live together. The Arapesh of New Guinea, the Lepchas of Sikkim, the pygmies of the Ituri rain forest do not hurt or kill each other or their neighbors, though they have weapons; they make little distinction between the ideal characters of men and women, rating peace and absence of jealousy far above a reputation for bravery and virility; yet they savor the pleasures of eating, drinking, sex, laughter. Politically, such tribes are weak and have to stay in remote areas to survive, but anthropologists make it clear that they enjoy life at least as much as their more ruthless neighbors. Other examples of varying sexual, religious and business practices around the world blur local dogmas on "right" and "wrong."

Sputnik. Man stuck his finger into outer space in 1957. Touching the moon is no longer just for science fiction; one of us is going to do it. On a lower level, Americans felt the Russian feat as a threat and a disgrace. They started paying panicky attention to schools and students, and lost much of their indulgent feeling about the "wasted" time youth has always found fruitful.

Modern art forms. Art has traditionally been a memory device (the *Iliad* was history chanted for a people without books; the pop artists' soup cans say, "That's what you bought this morning"). Now, it is also being used as a memory destroyer. Dizzying op art and kinetic sculpture, free verse, experimental movies, light shows combined with electronic shrieks in "total environment" dances are all ways of trying to break down set perceptions, make you forget old forms and see, hear, feel something you didn't know was there.

Nonviolent power. Followers of Martin Luther King forced attention to the Negro's need for change not by shooting and clubbing but by refusing to. Learning fast, Berkeley students in 1964 sat around a police car for 32 hours and got action; other activists know the rules now.

Television. In 1946, Americans had exactly 16,476 sets in use; five years later, 15,000,000. Now, 94 percent of all households have TV. It may be the most important single influence on the generation under 25. It does not demand traditional literacy—in fact, a child who grows up with TV approaches the world in a spirit contrary to the straight-line, tightly ordered, remote, powerfully permanent spirit of the printed page. He absorbs fast-shifting material simultaneously through eye and ear. He can't use TV for background noise, as most of us use

radio, because it engages him. He has to *participate* to make sense of the little, flickering, two-dimensional, moving image, and in doing so, he picks up a taste for experience in depth. (Studies of children's eye movements show that during fights on TV Westerns, they watch the facial reactions of the actors rather than the flying fists and knives.) In many ways, the walls around him start to evaporate.

New drugs. Grown-ups freely use mind-bending tranquilizers and energizers. Younger people take for granted a different kind of drug, the psychedelic. Marijuana is plentiful. Most students have tried it or know someone who has; of these, a majority now scorn alcohol, which they tend to regard as a stupifier, and consider "pot" a relatively harmless, life-enhancing potion whose main dangers are legal. LSD's vaunted power inspires more caution. Concepts spread by the new drugs resonate with impulses that are already abroad and cannot be outlawed. Young people who have never used marijuana or LSD can respond to the remark of awareness evangelist Timothy Leary: "... To most Americans under 25, the psychedelic drug means ecstasy, sensual unfolding, religious experience, revelation, illumination, contact with nature." For many, that adds up to one word: love.

What have you got? A gap between generations, defined not by their chronological age but by how they look at themselves and the world. When two such currents meet, turbulence is bound to occur. U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John W. Gardner recently called this "... a creative moment in our history ...," adding, "Creative times are not comfortable times."

Some young people look at the savage competition for money, prestige or supremacy over another country and decide they want out. The rat race, they say, is brutalizing. In its rush, people cannot savor each other as individuals, each with something unique to offer. They function as opponents. Isn't football touted as good training for life? Young people who question the usefulness of competition see a world of tense, defensive adults fixed on ideas with little humane basis. They feel it is literally crazy for a society to allow the sacrifice of human qualities—gentleness, spontaneous openheartedness, self-examination—to the winning of some contest.

"Everybody who walks down the street is competing; nobody's living," Bobby Jameson of Los Angeles lashes at adults. "You have created a battleground. You have lost respect for life and for yourselves; you can kill and call it virtue. You have lied to yourselves. You are insane with power and blind to reality. You are unconscious to love and deaf to all the crying. ... The time it takes to hypnotize the young into standardization," he says bitterly, "is called growing up."

Jameson won't standardize himself into an ordinary job, partly because it would mean cutting the long hair and doffing the clothes that give him pleasure. How much does that hair really mean to him? a lady asked at one Sunset Strip demonstration. "Exactly as much as it means to you to have me take it off," he replied.

The young are just about finished with our Calvin-
continued

ist idea that pain is better for you than pleasure; they perceive ecstasy as more nourishing. Routine, repetitive jobs turn them off. Herb Robertson, 22, hitchhiked from Georgia to California last December, fleeing his job in an aircraft factory. "I couldn't stand it," he remembers. "All those rivets. Thousands and thousands of rivets..." Young people are used to getting what they want fast and to feeling that they can change the way things are, so they won't wait for results as long as their parents do. (One young Negro ghetto leader, asked about his elders, shouted, "They're too slow! They talk about walking two miles to school. I don't want to walk no two miles. I want the school right next door, man. Man, I want a taxi to take me to school!") Thus, rising numbers act on their urge to drop out of the "ant trip"—as one hippy called the organized world of work—into something they feel is more creative. There is not yet much place for them to go. Those who look different, who don't work at regular jobs, who spend conspicuous amounts of time seeking some form of meaning outside a "job"—whether through commitment to civil-rights activism, consciousness expansion of various sorts, the music scene, or just loafing and *being*—feel hostility from the community. There is the intriguing possibility, though, that these ecstasy-seeking young people may be storing up valuable lessons for the future.

Some observers feel that if cybernation is allowed to go all the way in eliminating industrial drudgery, people of the future will need to know how to *not* work. The future society presumably will not need riveters, and if it educates people to feel that they should rivet, there will be trouble. Right now, school dropouts are rising, as more and more young people reject the kind of education offered. The culture today says your function is to produce goods and work. If, in 50 years, there is so little "work," as it is now understood, that a main function will be to sing and dance and interact, the leaders might be today's hippies—societal (and often school) dropouts who sport wildly exotic clothing, take psychedelic voyages and work only at projects that express their inner being.

Hippies, though conspicuous, are still a minority. Most of America's young people reject their flamboyant form of protest—while feeling some of the same impulses.

Wesley Hugo, a fast-moving 24-year-old executive from Cincinnati, is as opposite from a dropout as you can get: Close-cropped and neatly suited, he admits cheerily that he is playing "the business game" for money and comfort. Still, he flinched when he heard his boss tell a sales meeting, "Any of you who can't shout in a company president's face and *make* him buy might as well leave now. You won't be around long anyway."

Telling of it later, Hugo shook his head. "I think I'm hard-nosed, but not in the way he is," he said of the boss. "He's in his 50's, and he doesn't realize what it's like now. This is the computer age. You can't just intimidate people into buying your product anymore. Business is so competitive that they have to have a logical reason for what they do. . . . I wouldn't behave irrationally just to make money. I wonder if he even knows that my business school had a course in 'Social Responsibility in Business.' One of our professors discussed a lot about whether our ultimate responsibility is just to make money, or to promote change. I'm not against money, but I certainly have no investment in the status quo."

Younger people than Hugo, not yet in the business community, challenge the status quo in millions of homes across the land. The child's traditional position as a silent second-class citizen, dependent on his parents and therefore subject to their whim, is changing. The number of times teen-agers have asked "Why?" to orders from father or mother is beginning to make some parents reconsider old rules. In many cases, there is no good answer. Nobody, for instance, has ever come up with a logical argument against boys' long hair. There isn't any, beyond arbitrary taste, and the boys know it. Even when the parent can present a reason, he is dealing with his child more as *man-to-man* than as *lord-to-serf*.

Children's blunt, often argumentative, tone offends

many adults: It lacks respect. But, says John D. Black, director of the Counseling and Testing Service at Stanford University, "It . . . may be that special respect for elders was justified in those bygone eras when mere survival was a mark of competence, . . . perhaps now, respect may be something which has to be earned regardless of age, or else something that all people deserve as human beings, without reference to age or status."

There is great confusion, to put it mildly, about who deserves respect nowadays. In the 1950's, adults kept urging the "silent generation" to get out and stop conforming. A good many young people have done just that, only to be dismayed by the reaction to their long hair, interesting clothes, heretical ideas and defiant behavior. Nobody warned them that they should stop conforming in orderly rows.

Many young activists feel that a violent clash between them and the old people will come this year. There is, in fact, increasing tension between youths who see adults in Bobby Jameson's dark terms and adults who feel threatened by them, and the activists expect expansions of the recent flare-ups on the Sunset Strip.

That once flossy Los Angeles street has, for several years, been a hangout for swelling crowds of young people whose attitude you might call "experimental." The police became alarmed and cracked down, prodding the youngsters hard with arrests for violations of a 10 p.m. under-18 curfew. Young people became convinced that hippies got frisked for ID cards while squares were left alone. This led to demonstrations (right) and some scuffles. During one march, a helmeted, booted, leather-jacketed police officer armed with a pistol and billy club stared at a different flavor of costume—flowing flowered shirts, tight pants, long hair—and declared, "You know, those clothes look great on the girls, but it kind of makes you wonder about those guys' manhood, doesn't it?" The police are insulted by the hostility of some sign carriers, and they are baffled. At a time when arrest statistics—particularly for juveniles—are rising, they must try to deal with an unfamiliar situation armed only with old laws and attitudes.

It is not just police who come at young dissenters as if they expect trouble. "Talk about violence!" said a pudgy longhair named Tony, as he waited for a free admission to a dance club. "It didn't use to be so bad. I would walk down the sidewalk, and people would stop and point, or say things like 'Hi, miss.' But now they throw things at me—chewing-gum wrappers, cigarettes, stuff like that."

Bobby Jameson sums up the Strip: "Most people here don't know what they're doing—but neither do the police and the other scared grown-ups. How can they stop us when they don't even know what's happening?"

Something is happening, but there is hope that it won't be the Apocalypse. Lately, an impulse to gentleness has appeared. When San Francisco police showed up at a Golden Gate Park revel last October, hippies handed them flowers. Soon everyone was smiling.

Flowers also appeared at a recent event in Austin, Texas, that brings to mind Geoffrey Gorer's remark that "Mankind is safer when men seek pleasure than when they seek the power and the glory." The University of Texas chapter of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) ran a "snuggle-in" around the tower that was once a mad sniper's nest, just to give people an excuse to get close to each other en masse. Long-haired boys and their girls started it; when square students stopped to stare, the organizers genially offered extra blankets. At one point, they collected 700 couples. While snugglers were—ah—snuggling, SDS leaders would intercept a student rat racing to class, offer a rose, and say, "Be a person today. Look at the sky." SDS is known as a left-wing political group, so there was some shock when leaders of the right-wing Young Americans for Freedom joined up. "We're for personal freedom too," SDS and YAF people explained together.

Young people today give unmistakable signs that their mood is for action. Each time they and their elders meet, the question will be: clubs or flowers?

continued

"How can they

Extremes meet and bare the heart of a conflict between two worlds. Young people see much of what they distrust about adults—rigid hostility starting at surface appearance, repression, eager use of power—distilled into policemen. (At right, a Los Angeles officer checks ID's at a demonstration on the Sunset Strip.) Adults see little but insult and a wrenching strangeness in these signs and their carriers. Even when the young display no meanness, their ventures into uncharted space can baffle or alarm. The next four pages give a view of far-voyagers who disturb adults the most.

A photograph of a protest at night. In the foreground, several people are holding up large, hand-drawn signs. The signs are mostly white with black text. One sign on the left says "BAN THE X" and "BAN SLUGS". Another sign in the center says "WARD WILL JACK IN THE". A sign on the right says "NFORCE LAWS". In the background, there are more people and a building with a sign that says "MOPAS". The scene is lit by streetlights and the lights of the building.

stop us, when they don't even know what's happening?"





Paul Fuleop captures the effect of the ecstatic dancers of the sixties



Bob Collins: "Heaven? We want love and meaning now."

GENERATION GAP CONTINUED



"You can share those uptight feelings!" Talk straight at them, and they turn on.



"Everybody, everything belongs together. Come on in."



"Most beautiful flag in the world. It's psychedelic."

"What's so awful about feeling good?"

See those 15-year-olds at the upper right, digging a "soul" singer's plea in Los Angeles? "If you happy, or if you're just damn mad, you don't want to keep it all inside. . . I want you to let it out right now. Yeeagh!" he screams. "Yeeagh!" the girls scream back.

The singer makes money from them, but he also leaves some with a memory of how it felt to be all together in the dance club, letting go. Could you get them to do it in their parents' living room? "They'd give me that 'grow up' look," says Nancy. She loves her parents, but, "Oh, wow, what's so awful about feeling good?"

We shrug off little girls as long as they stay in their club. What happens, though, when people start jumping out of their boxes? Do you worry about your son if he flaunts some of Bob Collins's style? Collins and some friends share a house in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury

district, navel of West Coast hipdom. Dodging the "ant trip," they work only at what pleases them—writing songs, projecting polarized light in hypnotic patterns, loving each other. They should be starving, right? But this is America, 1967, so they pool enough cash to get by. They can even run cars out for a gambol in the redwood hill country. Do they produce anything worth counting? Not by our familiar yardsticks; but by his own, Bob Collins measures a creative energy, an impulse to gentleness, that "is already spreading" through the younger generation. Does he make sense to you?

END

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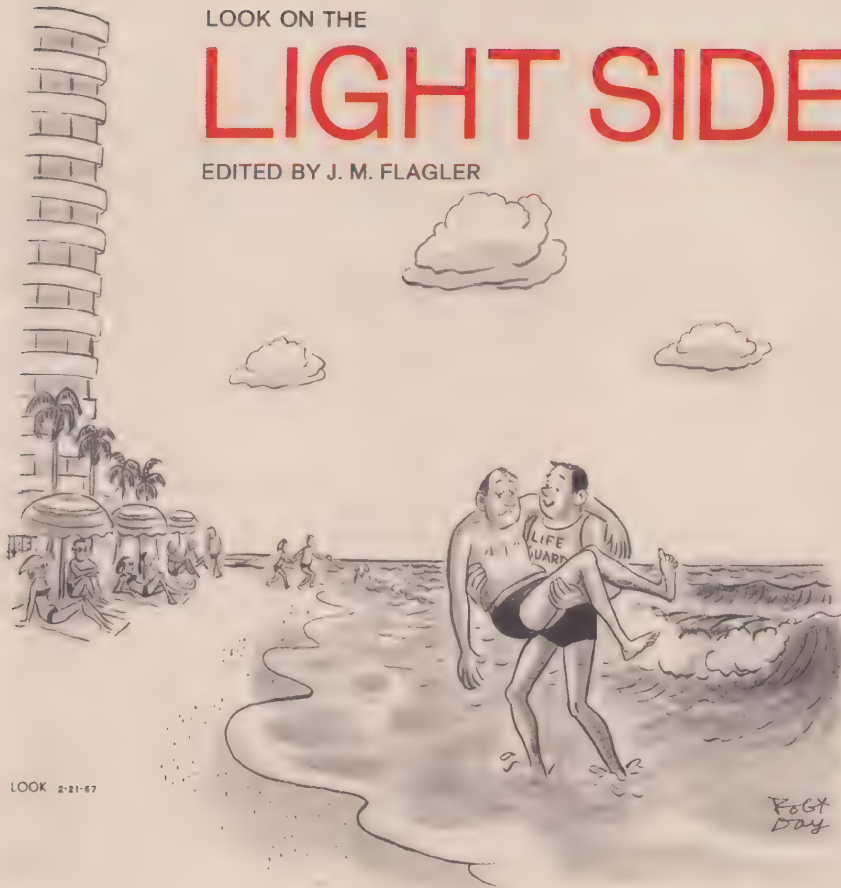


3 CASSEROLES

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EDITED BY J. M. FLAGLER



LOOK 2-21-67

"You're quite welcome, sir, and for your convenience, the standard charge, plus gratuity and tax, will simply be added to your bill."



LOOK 2-21-67

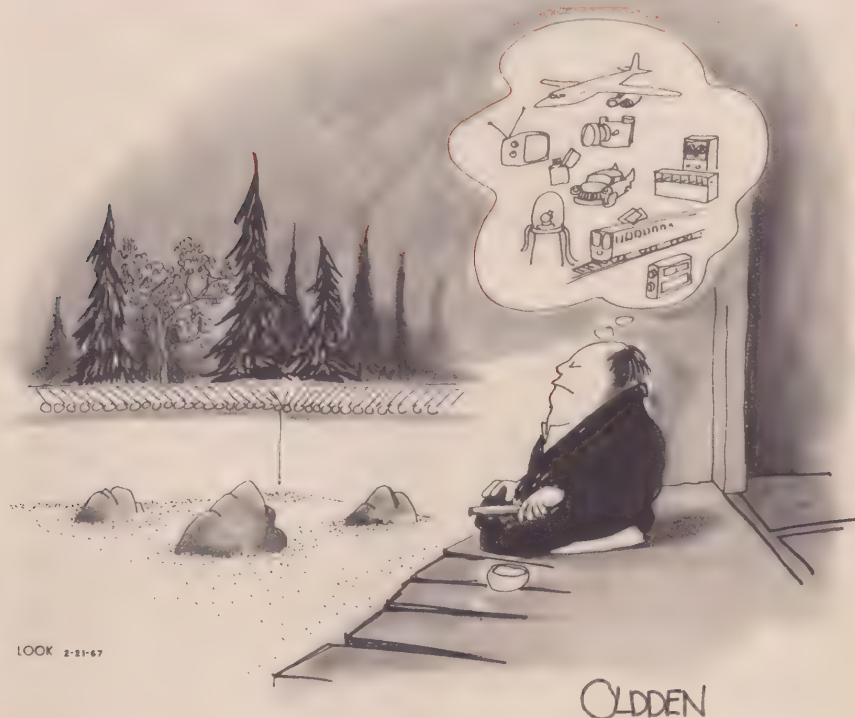
"Timber-r-r."

Smully

EVERYBODY'S FULL OF CARBONACEOUS MATERIAL OBTAINED BY THE IMPERFECT COMBUSTION OF WOOD

That cigarette you lately puffed,
Its filter was with charcoal stuffed.
The vodka in your bloody mary
Seeped through charcoal ubiquitary.
Regard your lobsters or your steaks,
They're black with crispy charcoal flakes.
Let it be writ on history's page
We're living in a charcoal age;
Those pangs you feel are not gastritis,
You're suffering, friend, from charcolitis.

OGDEN NASH



LOOK 2-21-67

OGDEN



LOOK 2-21-67

"I wish you'd get an off-season job!"



LET YOURSELF GO

GYPSY

TO DRAMATIZE what a get-away-from-it-all resorter might resort to, two Italian models, Isa Stoppi and Mirella Petteni, joined an all-Italian caravan and headed for the coast of Tuscany, where real Italian gypsies work their magic. Elizabeth Arden's "face designer" Pablo masterminded the dusky makeup—fake dirt, mahogany suntan and layers of false eyelashes (two black pairs on the upper lid, one brown on the lower).

The fashions make the most of the well-known gypsy penchant for low-cut bodices and voluminous skirts. They were conjured up by a group of designers in the Italian *alta moda*: Ken Scott, Valentino, Forquet and Lancetti; the baubles and bangles, by Coppola and Toppo of Milan. All clothes—and makeup—are available at Elizabeth Arden in New York.



At Romany banquet (left), Mirella, with fowl in her lap, wears vivid blouse and skirt of silk jersey and cotton; Isa, with bird in hand, a pajama of printed cotton jersey (Ken Scott, each \$200). Hitting the hay the gypsy way, Mirella in silk-organdy ruffled pajamas, mini-blouse (Valentino, \$650). Pablo used dark body makeup, buffed to a sheen, bronze base with pink-brown blusher on face, silvered lipstick.

PRODUCED BY JO AHERN ZILL
PHOTOGRAPHED BY GIAN PAOLO BARBIERI

continued
LOOK 2:21-67 39

GYPSY CONTINUED

GYPSY GLAD RAGS FOR HIGH-FASHION NOMADS

Mirella (left) swirls to off-camera gypsy violins in a skirt of fiery scarves worn low on hips and suspended from a jeweled chain belt. Another scarf and a bib of beads top her supple, bronzed midriff (Forquet, \$495).



*According to Jan Yoors, whose book *The Gypsies* was published by Simon and Schuster early this month, the wandering Rom have a saying: yekka buliasa nashti beshes pe done grastende (with one behind, you cannot sit on two horses). Straight-arrow Isa demonstrates. Her polka-dot blouse knots provocatively above enormous Romany-striped cotton skirt (Lancetti, \$495).*

END

Tied down by today's car prices?
The Good Guys to the rescue with their "White Hat" Special.



What's a "White Hat" Special? It's a dazzling new Dodge Coronet 440—with the special features you have wanted at a special low package price!

- ☐ White or black vinyl top or a standard roof
- ☐ Deluxe wheel covers
- ☐ White sidewall tires
- ☐ Bumper guards, front and rear
- ☐ Deluxe steering wheel
- ☐ Fender-mounted turn signals

The "White Hat" Special is available in your choice of a 2-door hardtop (shown here) or a 4-door sedan. Colors? Choose again from a rainbow of nineteen! Air conditioning and V8 power? The Good Guys can make 'em yours for a breeze! Also, ask about the "White Hat" Special on Charger. Try a "White Hat" Special on for size. Join the Dodge Rebellion.

Dodge



**The
Dodge
Rebellion
wants
you!**



A TROUBLED FLIGHT FROM DALLAS

The desperate exit from
Parkland Hospital;
the swearing in; the abrasive
relationship between
Kennedy and Johnson partisans

THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

BY

WILLIAM MANCHESTER

PART THREE

LYNDON JOHNSON'S departure from Parkland Hospital resembled one of those Chaplinesque farewells in which the only people who wind up on the mobbed train are those who have come down to see their friends off. The exodus was accompanied by episodes of disorder, hubbub and unexpected bungling.

"Suddenly," said Congressman Henry Gonzalez, "I saw the might and power of the United States in complete confusion."

Congressman Albert Thomas, quite by accident, wound up in the lead car as a human shield. Agent Rufus Youngblood led the new Chief Executive to Dallas Police Chief Jesse Curry. The threat of a plot still obsessed the agent, who had insisted upon two automobiles. If a sniper recognized Mrs. Johnson, he would be shooting at the wrong car. Youngblood put Congressman Homer Thornberry beside Chief Curry, got in back with Johnson and told the President to crouch below window level. Because Johnson obeyed, Congressman Thomas, emerging from the hospital, didn't see him.

"Stop!" Thomas shouted.

"Keep going," Youngblood called to Curry.

From the floor, Johnson inquired, "Who is it?" The agent told him, and Johnson, asserting himself for the first time, said, "Then stop." Making the best of the delay, Youngblood decided to use every inch of flesh as protection. He directed Thomas to sit in front, pulled Thornberry into the rear, and arranged Johnson's shoulders so that he was in the middle. Any bullet aimed at the President would first have to pass through Curry, or one of the two congressmen, or Youngblood. "We took off," Texas Congressman Jack Brooks later recalled, "like a striped-assed ape."

Actually, there were several exasperating delays. Curry had just begun to accelerate when a delivery truck appeared out of nowhere and halted right in front of him. The agents went for their guns, but the deliveryman was guilty only of extremely bad traffic manners. A moment later,

Curry destroyed the purpose of the unmarked cars by hitting his siren. "Stop that!" Johnson and Youngblood yelled together. The Chief did. The motorcycle escort, however, had picked up his cue; the wails were audible for over a mile, and Curry had to radio them to cut it out.

Thereafter, things went more smoothly, though at times they had to slow to a crawl. To those who were listening intently for rifle shots, these pauses were almost unbearable, and the trip seemed longer than it was.

As they alighted at Love Field, Youngblood shouted, "Everybody run up the steps!" Everybody did, and then Johnson headed for the television set, which was tuned to Walter Cronkite.

"Close all shades on the plane," the President was calling. "Close the shades," Youngblood echoed—a subtle change from Parkland.

Obeying, an agent beheld a remarkable sight: an automobile, in violation of all military and civilian safety rules, was racing toward him across the breadth of Love Field. It was the last car in President Johnson's first motorcade. No one in it had protested when Agent Lem Johns, who thought that Aircraft 26000 had been moved to Love's private-plane terminal, cried in exasperation, "Hell, we're on the wrong side of the airport! Let's shoot the runways." The control tower looked down in awe as they veered across the expanse of oil-stained concrete, their siren screaming, and swerved up beside the ramp.

With this hair-raising arrival from Parkland, the Youngblood breakout, as it might be called, was complete. Parkland didn't know it, though. Most of the agents and aides in the emergency area were under the impression that the group that had begun the grand tour of Texas at San Antonio International Airport the day before was intact. And when they did hear of the lightning move later, they were indifferent to it. The man they still regarded as President lay dead; they couldn't think beyond that.

To those who loved John Kennedy, the transition of power seemed needlessly cruel. Consoli-

dating the two groups on one airplane was to prove extremely unfortunate, and aspects of Johnson's behavior in a very understandable state of shock may have proven exacerbating, but the difficulty there was largely one of manners and mannerisms. Johnson was not himself that afternoon—no man was himself then.

In Dallas, the national interest required strength, not elegance, and it is arguable that Johnson, far from taking over too quickly, did not take over quickly enough. The United States needed a President, yet neither he nor his advisers had fully grasped the fact of Kennedy's death. Jack Valenti spoke for the majority of them when he burst into 26000's stateroom and said, "I got here as quick as I could, Mr. Vice-President."

OVER THE FAR PACIFIC, another Boeing 707, identical to Air Force One, was racing homeward with six members of the Cabinet. Orville Freeman slumped in his seat beside Janie Freeman. She reached over and squeezed his hand. "I'm so glad you weren't made VP in L.A. I'm selfish."

He nodded. Then his mind raced back to the convention in Los Angeles, when he had been mentioned as a possible Vice-Presidential candidate. Had events taken a different turn, Freeman reflected, the new occupant of the White House might well be named President Orville Freeman. He mused absently, *Isn't that something?* On a pad, he scribbled Janie's remark and added beneath it: "Thought then in my mind too—What if, what would I do."

FOR JOHN MCCORMACK, the confirmation of John Kennedy's death was a private anticlimax. The Speaker was in the House restaurant when two reporters came to his table and said that Kennedy had been shot. Other reporters and congressmen then began to dart up with bits and pieces of information. Reports of the appearance of priests at Kennedy's bedside convinced McCormack that the President had succumbed. Then, in the next minute, he was told that the Vice-

continued

President had been shot and, in the minute after that, that Secret Service agents were on their way to the Hill to protect him. Under the succession act of July 18, 1947, the Speaker was second in line of succession, and if both Kennedy and Johnson had been murdered, McCormack was now President of the United States.

The possibility struck McCormack, he later recalled, with "a terrific impact." He rose unsteadily from his chair and immediately suffered a severe attack of vertigo. Linen, waiters, tableware swam before his eyes; he thought he was going to lose consciousness and tumble to the floor. Passing a palsied hand over his eyes, he sank back to his seat, and he was still there, trembling, when a congressman called over that Johnson was unharmed.

SEN. BARRY GOLDWATER, who admired and liked John Kennedy, expressed his outrage and canceled all his public appearances. Not all Goldwater admirers shared his wrath, however. An Oklahoma City physician beamed at a grief-stricken visitor and said, "Good, I hope they got Jackie." In a small Connecticut city, a doctor called ecstatically across Main Street—to an internist who worshiped Kennedy—"The joyride's over. This is one deal Papa Joe can't fix." A woman visiting Amarillo was lunching in a restaurant when a score of students burst in from a high school directly across the street. "Hey, great, JFK's croaked!" one shouted with delight, and the woman, leaving as rapidly as she could, noticed that several diners were smiling back at the boy. In a wealthy Dallas suburb, the pupils of a fourth-grade class, told that the President of the United States had been murdered in their city, burst into spontaneous applause.

During a meeting at the Cosmos Club that was brought to the attention of the FBI in Washington six months after the tragedy, a retired Marine Corps general told an admiring group of retired military officers: "It was the hand of God that pulled the trigger that killed Kennedy."

BOB KENNEDY HAD been dressing for a flight to Dallas when he received word that the brilliant world he had known and loved was finished.

The White House extension on the desk at his home in Virginia rang, and he dove for it and

listened for a moment. The call was from Capt. Tazewell Shepard, the Presidential Naval Aide.

"Oh, he's dead!" he cried. And then he added to Ethel and CIA Director John McCone, "He had the most wonderful life." Later, that would be his wife's most vivid recollection of his response—how, in the starless night, he remembered how bright the sun had been.

Bob, Ethel and McCone descended the stairs and walked to the rear porch. Kennedy poked his head in a window of the living room, where several close friends were watching the television commentary. "He died," he said in a low voice and walked toward the pool. The extension out by the pool rang. It was J. Edgar Hoover. The most important detail he had promised to try to get during an earlier conversation with the Attorney General had just come through. "The President's dead," he said snappily and hung up.

He expressed no compassion; he did not seem to be upset. Ordinarily garrulous, Hoover had suddenly turned curt with his superior.

It would be charitable to attribute the swift change to the stresses of that afternoon. Yet, although Bob Kennedy continued in the Cabinet for over nine months, Hoover, whose office was on the same floor, never walked over to offer his condolences. One of his assistants wrote Kennedy a moving letter, and the agents in the FBI's crime squad sent him a message of sympathy, but their Director remained sphinxlike.

OUTWARDLY, BOB KENNEDY was more collected than his callers, most of whom had rushed over on impulse and found on arrival that they didn't know what to say. To some of his friends, his manner suggested that he was more concerned with their loss than with his own, an attitude that was to be characteristic of Jacqueline Kennedy throughout the weekend, and that, for many, was shattering. "We don't want any gloomy faces around here," he told Dave Hackett lightly, and his greeting to his aide Ed Guthman, ten minutes after the call from Hoover, was almost casual: "How are you doing?" he asked.

"I've seen better days," Guthman replied; adopting his low key.

"Don't be sad."

"Pretty hard not to."

one another in tranquillity. As long as events are still unfolding, the observations of each individual are as meaningless as a single jagged fragment in a thousand-piece jigsaw puzzle.

There are certain situations in which the fitting of grooves can begin at once. That is the job of intelligence, and it would have been possible if the assassination had occurred in the White House, with its magnificently equipped Situation Room. In Dallas, however, there was no situation room, only the situation itself. If Dallas had been surrounded, the New York studios of

CBS would have been a lot likelier to know of it than anyone within shouting distance of the thirty-seventh Vice-President, now become the thirty-sixth President, of the United States. At that moment, however, the networks knew nothing Johnson did not know. He turned away, relieved. The big picture was not as frightening as it had seemed in imagination, unless, of course, the commentators were also in the dark.

Actually, much was happening that was unknown to both Johnson and Cronkite. Twenty minutes before the Johnson party boarded the plane, a policeman named J. D. Tippit had been shot to death two miles from the Texas School Book Depository. Another forty minutes were to pass before anyone saw the significance of Officer Tippit's death. It was logical to suppose that the great crime had been committed by a great criminal, backed, perhaps, by a criminal nation. If that were true, the grand design would be revealed in a grand fashion, not in the petty killing of a patrolman.

Rufus Youngblood's hour in history was nearly over. Once the new Chief Executive felt secure, the Secret Service was destined to fade back into the shadows, and for Lyndon Johnson, security returned when he had been extricated from the vortex of Dallas. Only a return to the city could renew the threat, and he had no intention of flirting again with whatever dark forces lurked in those sunlit streets. He had been badly scarred. (Ten months later, he was invited to address an American Legion National Convention in Dallas at the height of the Presidential campaign; to the dismay of the Legion and the chagrin of the city's civic leaders, he refused.)

The Youngblood protectorate, which had begun on Elm Street at 12:30, ended in the stateroom of 26000 when the agent first insisted that the Johnson family move directly into the White House upon arrival in the capital. To him, the suggestion was just another safety precaution. Johnson saw that it had other implications, some of them exceedingly delicate, and he flatly rejected it. That was at approximately 1:43 p.m.

On the couch opposite the stateroom desk, Mrs. Johnson fingered her choker of pearls and jotted down notes. She overheard "the agonized voice" of a Secret Service man crying that the Service had never lost a President before, and she "hurt for him." She was aware of her husband, moving restlessly from chair to couch to chair, ordering coffee, bouillon, Poland Water. She intercepted a message from Parkland—Mrs. Kennedy wouldn't move from major medicine without the body. Johnson let it be known that 26000 wouldn't budge; they were going to "wait on" the gallant lady and the coffin.

The stateroom's occupants kept loosening their collars and mopping their foreheads. Mrs. Johnson alone felt chilled. She listened to her husband canvassing three congressmen on the question of where he should be sworn in. He was requesting their opinions without disclosing his own. Jack Brooks, an impulsive ex-marine, was a partisan of the instant oath. Homer Thornberry coun-

CHAPTER TWO

WHEN JACK VALENTI entered the stateroom of Air Force One, the attention of the Vice-President, as everyone continued to call the new President, was riveted on the television screen. Johnson was hoping that Walter Cronkite would tell him what was going on. Those who have never been in the eye of an historic storm may find this hard to believe, but the value of even the most perceptive eyewitnesses comes later, when their recollections can be matched against

tered, "Let's wait until Washington." Albert Thomas sided with Brooks. "Suppose the plane is delayed?" he asked Johnson, echoing the convictions of the correspondents at Parkland. "The country can't afford to be without a President while you're flying all over the country." The debate itself was probably of little consequence. Johnson's mind seemed to be made up. To Thomas, he said, "I agree. Now. What about the oath?"

They looked blank. Throats were cleared, limp ties loosened, but no one spoke. Here he was seeking not a consensus but hard information, and the Texas congressmen hadn't any. The best they could offer were fuzzy memories of textbook engravings of Chester Arthur or Calvin Coolidge who, in the dancing illumination of defective lamplight, had affixed his hand to a shabby family Bible while strangers in old-fashioned nightshirts stood around gaping. Everyone agreed that there was an official in the picture. His identity, however, was obscure. He could have been a Supreme Court justice or a notary public. The oath itself eluded them entirely.

Johnson was not limited to the passengers in 26000's main cabin, however. Learning that the communications shack was in contact with Washington, he eagerly looked around for telephones. The closest one hung from a hook on the other side of the aisle. He ignored it. Possibly, he could not yet bring himself to sit at Kennedy's stateroom desk, though the more plausible explanation is that he wanted solitude. In any event, the instrument he did use was also on a Presidential desk. It was, indeed, in Kennedy's private quarters, which, as he had told Mrs. Johnson and Air Force One steward Sgt. Joe Ayres earlier, he preferred to avoid.

Although he himself informed this writer that he could not even "recall the precise sequence of calls" that he made, he was never entirely alone, and in all important instances, there are the recollections of the person to whom he talked. A moment after Lyndon Johnson found the telephone, the first issue of his administration arose. It was a prickly one, because the man to whom the new President now turned was the one member of the Cabinet who was entitled to sit out the transition.

The question Johnson had asked of the congressmen was constitutional, which meant that it had to be resolved by the lawyer who had been John Kennedy's Attorney General and was now automatically Lyndon Johnson's. That he should be the dead President's brother was cruel mischance, yet the incoming Chief had no option. Seated at the end of Jacqueline Kennedy's bed, with Rufus Youngblood standing against the wall, he accordingly placed a call to Robert Kennedy in Virginia.

Johnson began by expressing his condolences. But he had just become the busiest man in the world, and after a few compassionate sentences, he plunged into business. The murder, he said, "might be part of a worldwide plot." In Johnson's statement to the Warren Commission seven and a half months later, he suggested that

the Attorney General had agreed with this interpretation and had "discussed the practical problems at hand—problems of special urgency because we did not at that time have any information as to the motivation of the assassination or its possible implications."

In fact, Kennedy was unresponsive. He was not among those who suspected a grand conspiracy, and he didn't understand what Johnson was talking about.

"A lot of people down here think I should be sworn in right away," said the new President, moving closer to the point. "Do you have any objections to that?"

Kennedy was taken aback. It was scarcely an hour and a quarter since he had first heard of the shooting, less than an hour since he had learned that the wound had been fatal. As Attorney General, he couldn't understand the need for a rush, and on a personal level, he preferred that any investiture be deferred until his brother's body had been brought home.

"Congressman Albert Thomas thinks I should take the oath here," said Johnson, citing support. "A lot of other people feel the same way." The phone by the Kennedy pool remained silent. Kennedy did not dissent; he said nothing. Changing to another tack, Johnson again referred to the plot, and then he requested information. According to Youngblood, he asked "questions about who, when and how he should take the Presidential oath." Kennedy heard, "Who could swear me in?"

"I'll be glad to find out and call you back," he answered.

He depressed his receiver and asked the operator for his deputy, Nick Katzenbach. He told Nick, "Lyndon wants to be sworn in in Texas and wants to know who can administer the oath."

"My recollection is that anyone can administer the oath who administers oaths under Federal or state laws," Katzenbach said. "Do you want to hold on while I check?"

Bob did, and using another line, Nick called Harold Reis in the Department's Office of Legal Counsel. "That's right," said Reis. He reminded Katzenbach that Coolidge had been sworn by his own father, a justice of the peace, and he added, "Of course, the oath's in the Constitution."

He was the man Johnson should have been talking to. A great many eminent attorneys, Robert Kennedy among them, were so shaken that they had forgotten where they could lay their hands on the oath.

Waiting for the Attorney General to phone back, Johnson was using other lines in an attempt to find out what was in any copy of *The World Almanac*. While he was talking to Presidential aide McGeorge Bundy, Nick Katzenbach had checked back with Bob Kennedy and confirmed his earlier opinion. "Then any Federal judge can do it?" Kennedy asked.

"Anybody, including a District Court judge." Nick added, "I imagine he'll want Sarah Hughes." Sarah was from Dallas, and he remembered Johnson's vigorous lobbying for her appointment.

Inside, in his library, Robert Kennedy signaled the White House operator, who interrupted Johnson's Bundy conversation and connected the new President with his Attorney General. The crux of their exchange is unclear. This second Johnson-Kennedy colloquy has two renditions. According to the President's subsequent statement to the Warren Commission, Kennedy advised him "that the oath should be administered to me immediately, before taking off for Washington, and that it should be administered by a judicial officer of the United States." Youngblood's memory is foggy. He tends to support his superior, with qualifications, but he explains—quite reasonably—that he only heard one voice. Kennedy, who was on the other end, does not remember recommending an immediate ceremony, and it should be noted that such a recommendation would have been inconsistent with his mood. It is his recollection—and that of Ed Guthman, who was with him—that he said, "Anybody can swear you in. Maybe you'd like to have one of the judges down there whom you appointed. Any one of them can do it."

He was asked about the wording of the oath. "You can get the oath," he said. "There's no problem about the oath, they can locate the oath."

"Fine," said Johnson, and rang off.

But it wasn't fine. He still lacked a text.

In the stateroom, Johnson aide Cliff Carter said to Marie Fehmer, "You'd better go in, he's making calls." She saw Johnson on the bed and sat in the chair facing it. The desk and telephone were between them.

"Write this down," Johnson told her. He dictated brief notes of his talks with his aide Walter Jenkins, with McGeorge Bundy, and with the Attorney General and said, "Now. Let's get Waddy Bullion." J. W. Bullion was a Dallas lawyer who had been counsel to Mrs. Johnson for 23 years. His secretary said he was in Shreveport on business. "Get Sarah Hughes," Johnson said.

Sarah's law clerk, John Spinuzzi, explained that she was out—the last he knew, she was on her way to the Trade Mart lunch. The new President took the receiver from his secretary. "This is Lyndon Johnson," he said tersely. "Find her." Then, to Marie: "Try Irv Goldberg."

Goldberg, another local attorney and veteran of Johnson's Texas political campaigns, was at home watching his television set. The phone there rang; his secretary said excitedly, "The Dallas White House is trying to reach you." Her voice faded and was succeeded by static—it was a very poor connection—and then a faint but familiar voice came on. "This is Lyndon. Do you think I should be sworn in here or in Washington?"

Irv thought rapidly. "I think here."

"Who should do it?"

"Sarah Hughes."

"We're trying to get her here. You try too."

BAREFOOT SANDERS, the U.S. attorney, should have been able to provide the oath. But he had become overwhelmed by finer points of law in the hope of establishing Federal jurisdiction over

continued

an assassin. He was rummaging through statute volumes from three libraries when a clerk said, "Hey, what about the Constitution?" "Of course," said Barefoot, feeling foolish. As U.S. Judge for the Northern District of Texas, Sarah (whom Sanders had finally located) had more legal rank than he did, and she not only had forgotten the Constitution, she had decided that since the essentials of every oath are pretty much the same, the exact wording didn't matter. "I was not afraid," she recalled afterward. "I could do it without a formal oath—I could make one up." Driving toward the airport in her red sports car, she was more concerned about speed. She had known Lyndon Johnson since 1943, and "I knew he would want things in a hurry; that's the way he is."

He also liked things to be done properly, however, and fortunately for those who do not view the wording of the U.S. Constitution so lightly, he was covering all bases. At 2:20–3:20 in Washington—Katzenbach's phone rang. It was the Dallas White House, continuing its tireless search for a lawyer who knew precisely what a President should say on assuming office. "Hold on," Nick said, "and I'll dictate it."

LYNDON JOHNSON MOVED into the stateroom: "I've just talked to the Attorney General, and he has advised me that I should be sworn in here," he told Valenti.

The sound of the television set a few feet away became conspicuous, as though someone had just turned up the volume. At present, the commentators were confused, but in downtown Dallas, the news had just taken a dramatic turn: The police had entered a theater and arrested a man in the killing of policeman Tippit. Five minutes before Katzenbach began dictating the oath to Marie, the homicide squad had learned that their new prisoner worked as a stockman in the Texas School Book Depository and was, in fact, the only Depository employee to have been missing when Superintendent Roy Truly counted heads a half hour after the assassination. The first faint light was entering what had, until now, been a pitch-black maze.

UNDERTAKER VERNON ONEAL is a cumbersome figure in the story of John Kennedy. Squat, hairy, and professionally doleful, with a thick Texas accent and gray hair parted precisely in the middle and slicked back, he was the proprietor of an establishment that might have been invented by Waugh or Huxley. It had a wall-to-wall carpeted Slumber Room, piped religious music, a coffee bar for hungry relatives of loved ones, and a fleet of white hearses—white, because the owner felt that death should never be depressing. A hustling businessman, Oneal had seven radio-equipped ambulance-hearses and his own dispatcher. The dispatcher was tied into the police network because the concern had a contract with the city. In effect, it was a concession. Vernon Oneal handled tragedies east of the Trinity River, and his chief competitor worked the west bank.

On the early afternoon of November 22,

17 of Oneal's staff of 18 men were out to lunch. Oneal gasped when his dispatcher told him that 601 (the call number of the President's motorcycle escort) was reporting a Code 3 (an alarm of the very highest priority). Then the telephone rang. "This is Clint Hill of the Secret Service. I want you to bring a casket out here to Parkland. I want you immediately."

"Hold on—hold on!" Oneal said. "We've got merchandise at all prices."

"Bring the best one you have," said Clint.

Running into his selection room, Oneal chose his most expensive coffin, the Elgin Casket Company's "Britannia" model, 800 pounds of double-walled, hermetically sealed solid bronze, but he couldn't carry it alone. He hurried out to his driveway and stood vigil there until he had collected three returning employees. The four of them eased the massive coffin into the pride of his vehicular fleet—a snow-white, air-conditioned 1964 Cadillac.

At Parkland's ambulance dock, Oneal and Ray Gleason, his bookkeeper, opened the back of the Cadillac. Agents and White House correspondents sprang forward to help them; the coffin was laid on the rubber cradle of one of the undertaker's carts and wheeled down the long corridor. At the wide door, the correspondents stepped back. Agent Andy Berger signaled Ken O'Donnell; they were here.

"I want to speak to you," Ken said to Mrs. Kennedy in an undertone, motioning her to follow him down the passage. She followed him to a door there, and then Pam Turnure saw her reach out like a cat and grab the knob to be sure it was open. She had guessed correctly what was arriving, and that they wouldn't want her to see it. But Ken had made a promise that she would see her husband before the coffin was closed, and she intended to see that it was kept. Surgeon Kemp Clark appeared beside Ken. She appealed to the physician. "Please—can I go in?"

"No, no," he mumbled.

She leaned toward him. "Do you think seeing the coffin can upset me, doctor? I've seen my husband die, shot in my arms. His blood is all over me. How can I see anything worse than I've seen?"

Clark capitulated. "Ah, oh, all right, I know." He stepped aside.

She was right behind Oneal. Crossing the passage, she continued to ponder what she could put with the President. Suddenly, she thought of her wedding ring. Nothing had ever meant so much to her. Unlike her circlet set with emeralds, it was unadorned. It was, in fact, a man's wedding band. The President had bought it in a hurry in Newport just before their wedding. There hadn't even been time to put the date in; she had taken it to a jeweler and had that done later. The ring would be exactly right—provided she could get it off. She attempted to unfasten the left glove and couldn't even work the snap.

They were inside the room now. Apart from the disinfectant and the blistering artificial light overhead, the place was much altered; it was nearly immaculate and almost empty. The audience

of a half hour ago had dispersed. Oneal was there, leaning over the burnished coffin. O'Donnell stood in the doorway. Dallas Police Sergeant Bob Dugger had followed her across the threshold. He looked competent, and drawing herself up, she held her wrist toward him. He understood. He found the snap with his thumbnail and unpeeled the glove.

She moved to the President's side and lifted his hand tenderly. Then, when the ring was on, she released his hand and looked down.

THE PRESIDENT had come to Parkland in one clamorous outburst; he was to leave it in another.

Oneal was concerned about the Britannia's pale-satin upholstery; it was immaculate now, but could easily be stained. Motioning to Orderly David Sanders, who was concerned that Mrs. Kennedy's ring might be lost and who had just succeeded in working it over the President's knuckle with cream, Oneal directed him to line the inside of the coffin with a sheet of plastic. Nurses Doris Nelson and Diana Bowron swooped around, wrapping the body in a second plastic sheet. Then the undertaker asked Doris to bring him a huge rubber sheath and a batch of rubber bags. Placing the sheath over the plastic lining, he carefully cut the bags to size, enveloping the President's head in them one by one until he had made certain that there would be seven protective layers of rubber and two of plastic between the damaged scalp and the green satin. All this took 20 minutes. Mrs. Kennedy had returned to her chair, looking, Gonzalez thought, "like a wounded rabbit."

To Henry, and to the rest of the Presidential party, John Kennedy's slender young widow had become a mystic symbol; they had never felt so close to another human being. They supposed that everyone felt the same, and those who learned that they were mistaken were deeply shocked. Henry was the first of them. He was looking down a narrow hallway, toward a room that physicians used to take emergency calls. A fragile nurse, patting a well-cherished head of blonde hair, and a youth with a thin, conceited face were standing there together. They had their arms around one another, a gesture, Henry assumed, of commiseration. Then the nurse smirked. The youth murmured something in her ear, and she giggled. Henry called indignantly, "Show a little respect, can't you?" They looked up, startled, and vanished.

To suggest that frivolity or incivility were dominant at Parkland would be a gross injustice. Most members of the staff were as bereft as their bewildered visitors and were doing their best to shape order out of unprecedented chaos, but accident rooms, like drunk tanks, are unlovely places; some employees inevitably become hard-bitten. There were other incidents that grated: the resonant sound of baritone laughter echoing down one corridor, horseplay between two orderlies in a second, an exchange of colorful language from opposite ends of a third hall.

Jacqueline Kennedy noticed none of this: By now, major surgery's carnival-house floor plan

had been mastered by the Irish Mafia, the agents and the military aides. They had her thoroughly sealed off. None of them liked the place, and there was a general feeling that waiting for the body was unnecessarily cruel for her—a viewpoint she did not share. “You could go back to the plane now,” one of them said to her, and she replied again, “I’m not going back till I leave with Jack”—but they believed that she was safe from intruders. Only a freak of chance could break the box they had built around her.

But it was a freakish hour. A Catholic clergyman was probably the one stranger who could slip through the concentric circles of sentinels around her. The outer guards would conclude that the Catholic widow had sent for him; the Boston Irishmen who were closest to her would defer to him. And this is precisely what happened, exposing Mrs. Kennedy to what would be remembered as “the episode of the priest.” Later, Presidential aides Ken O’Donnell, Larry O’Brien and Dave Powers wondered whether he had been a real priest. No genuine cleric, they felt, could have behaved the way he did.

He was real enough. Father Thomas Cain was the superior of the Dominican Fathers at the Roman Catholic University of Dallas, six miles from Parkland. He was also an eccentric. An energetic, bespectacled cigar smoker with thinning gray hair and a turkey-gobbler neck, Father Cain was, even on serene days, a man of erratic mannerisms. He talked a great deal, sometimes disjointedly, gesticulating loopingly with his long arms, and he tended to swing between cycles of impulsive activity and remorse. When the academic dean of the university had called him at his priory and told him of the shooting, he had had but one thought—a Catholic President had been wounded, and he belonged at the President’s side. The fact that other priests would be closer was irrelevant, for he had something they did not. In a green bag in his office, he kept an ornate crucifix, containing within it a minute splinter from the True Cross encased in plastic. Changing to his robe and collar, Father Cain had pocketed the bag, bounded out to his car and headed for the hospital. He drove the accelerator straight to the floor. It was, he admitted afterward, something of a miracle that he wasn’t killed. He left the car in the anarchy of badly parked automobiles and dashed in past the Dallas policemen, the shift commanded by Agent Roy Kellerman, the two uniformed generals and the Mafia. On the way, he heard someone say that the President was dead.

Mrs. Kennedy looked up and saw him hovering over her. His eyes were wild.

“When did he die?”

“In the car, I think,” she said haggardly.

Father Cain loosened the bag string. “I have a relic of the True Cross.”

He held it out and asked her to “venerate it.” She kissed the crucifix, not quite understanding what this was all about. Then he said he wanted to take it in to the President. She thought, *This must mean a lot to this man, and, if he wants*

to give it to Jack, how touching. O’Donnell nodded; the priest went in. But he didn’t leave the relic. He merely walked around, waving it ceremoniously in the air above Vernon Oneal, the nurses, the orderly, the plastic and rubber sheeting and the six rubber head bags.

Coming out, he said, “I have applied a relic of the True Cross to your husband.”

She stared. It was still in his hands. She thought, *You mean you didn’t even give it to him?*

O’Donnell edged toward him. Father Cain, however, wasn’t to be dismissed that easily. He was dancing around in a state of excitement, his larynx bobbing. He pressed her hand and tried to put his arms around her, addressing her by her first name, calling her endearing names and

CHAPTER THREE

THE LONG burnished coffin was closed and poised on its church truck. Jacqueline Kennedy stamped out a cigarette and began to fidget and look around impatiently. She was ready. The undertaker was ready. Parkland, having done all it could, had turned to new emergencies. Yet they weren’t moving. The trauma-room door was propped open, and the IBM clock there revealed that they had been in the hospital for an hour and a half.

“Sergeant, why can’t I get my husband back to Washington?”

Bob Dugger knew why, but he wasn’t going to brief her. The newest development made Dallas look like a hick town, he thought; as a Texan, he felt humiliated. The other men had tacitly agreed to keep it from her, and amazingly, they were successful; it was the loudest and longest uproar of the afternoon, it raged all around her for over half an hour and nearly ended in a fistfight a few feet from her, yet not until much later, in Washington, did she understand just why they had been delayed so long.

Roy Kellerman had been the first agent to scent trouble. Shortly before the coffin arrived; Roy had been standing in the nurse’s station with Dr. George Burkley, the President’s personal physician, hanging on to the phone connection with the White House, when a pale, freckled, walleyed man in shirt-sleeves entered, reached for another phone and flipped the receiver off snappily, like a gunman in a Western. He said, “This is Earl Rose. There has been a homicide here. They won’t be able to leave until there has been an autopsy.”

Father Cain had been a temporary distraction; Rose was a stage heavy. The priest had meant well. At most (as he himself believed afterward), he had been a victim of the national distress. Rose was not a man to be plagued by self-doubt, and he was unaccustomed to criticism from others. He was the Dallas County Medical Examiner, with an office in the hospital. Pedantic and brittle, he had a way of wagging his finger and adopting the stylized tone of an overbearing

promising to write her a letter. Just as Ken and Larry and Dave thought they had the priest cornered, he jerked away from them. Scurrying back into the trauma room, he pranced around Oneal, pranced out, confronted a group of hospital employees standing against a wall and led them in a recitation of the Lord’s Prayer. He returned to Mrs. Kennedy and reached for her hand again. She yanked it away. “Please, Father. Leave me alone.”

Now, O’Donnell stalked him in earnest, and now he backed away, clutching the bag. They could hear his voice drifting across a cubicle wall, chanting prayers feverishly. They thought they were rid of him, but he was only a few feet away, and he had no notion of leaving.

schoolmaster. He seemed to invite hostility. His colleagues thought him arrogant and smart. He was certainly bright; he knew a great deal of Texas law, and he treated it as revealed religion. *Dura lex, sed lex*: the law is hard, but it’s the law. That was his attitude.

Unlike the priest, the doctor was to suffer no feeling of shame afterward. He worked himself into a white-hot anger that afternoon, and he was so sure that he was right that his wrath never ebbed; a year later, the mere mention of the battle he had fought on November 22 was enough to make him tremble. As a physician and a Dallas appointee, he represented both the medical and legal professions. He could be an obstacle of formidable bulk if he chose to be, and he so chose. To him, the situation at Parkland was clear, and clearly outrageous. A man had been killed in Dallas. Other men were trying to remove the corpse, in open defiance of Texas statutes. They were flouting rights of which Dr. Earl Rose was the appointed guardian. Strong action was required, and he meant to take it.

Rose hung up and turned to leave the nurse’s station. Kellerman blocked the way. In his most deliberate drawl, Roy said, “My friend, this is the body of the President of the United States, and we are going to take it back to Washington.”

“No, that’s not the way things are.” Rose wagged his finger. “When there’s a homicide, we must have an autopsy.”

“He is the President. He is going with us.”

Rose lashed back, “The body stays.”

“My friend, my name is Roy Kellerman. I am Special Agent in charge of the White House detail of the Secret Service. We are taking President Kennedy back to the capital.”

“You’re not taking *the body* anywhere. There’s a law here. We’re going to enforce it.”

Dr. Burkley argued with Dr. Rose, physician to physician. It was useless. Kellerman, who hadn’t moved from the doorway, loomed forward. “My friend, this part of the law can be waived.”

Rose, stonewalling, shook his head.

“You will have to show me a lot more au-
continued

thority than you have now," said Kellerman:

"I will," Rose said, reaching for the phone:

He could, too. Now that John Kennedy was no longer a living President, his mortal remains were in the custody of the state. Rose phoned the sheriff's office and the homicide bureau of the police department. Both agreed that an autopsy was mandatory. Under the law, they had little choice. Given the uncertainty of the hour and the absence of Federal jurisdiction, Rose had an ironclad case. Assassination is murder, murder is a felony, and in felonious crimes, he had a legal obligation to Dallas County. That was why he had an office in Parkland Hospital. Justice must be served; when and if captured, the assassins or assassin had rights, among them the right of access to the findings of an impartial postmortem examination. The point is arguable, of course, because by now, it ought to have been categorically clear to Rose that the Secret Service would maintain a vigilant watch over Kennedy's body, and had he been realistic, he should have realized that an assassination without a scrupulous postmortem was unthinkable. Nevertheless, there was area for reasonable debate. His error, which was grave, was that he was not behaving reasonably. Burkley begged him to reconsider.

"Mrs. Kennedy is going to stay exactly where she is until the body is moved. We can't have that."

What Mrs. Kennedy did was of no concern to Rose. She could come or go as she liked. She was alive and had been accused of no infraction of the law. His sole interest was in the cadaver. "The remains stay," he said flatly. "Procedures must be followed. A certificate has to be filed before any body can be shipped out of the state. I can release the body to a Texas JP who will function as coroner, or hold the body and have an autopsy here."

"It's the President of the United States!" Burkley cried.

"That doesn't matter. You can't lose the chain of evidence."

Dave Powers heard about the dispute and came over, incredulous. Rose explained everything to him in detail, then shook his head impatiently when Powers urged him to make an exception in this case. "Regulations," the examiner said, his voice frozen.

Gen. Godfrey McHugh approached Rose and was told, "There are state laws about removing bodies. You people from Washington can't make your own law." McHugh appealed to Dallas Mayor Earle Cabell, who said that he had no authority to intervene; then to a member of Parkland's administrative staff, who said that Rose was absolutely right; then to a policeman in civilian clothes, who suggested that a justice of the peace might be able to do something.

"How long will that take?" McHugh asked.

"Ten or fifteen minutes," the man said.

"When we're ready, we're leaving," McHugh said indignantly.

Burkley suggested that Rose come along on the plane. Rose shook his head; the law made no provision for such a trip. Gen. Ted Clifton re-

membered that he had talked to Attorney General Waggoner Carr of Texas during the flight to Dallas from Fort Worth on Aircraft 26000, and he asked that he be paged over the PA system. The page was broadcast. Carr did not materialize.

In retrospect, the furor that the medical examiner raised seems remarkable. He was a man of authority, but there ought to have been some way of diverting him. His strength was largely a strength of will. The only Parkland doctor to side openly with the dead Chief Executive's staff was Kemp Clark. "Jack, is there a JP in the building?" he asked Jack Price, the hospital administrator. "For God's sake, find someone."

Mayor Cabell and individual members of the staff began calling outside on their own initiative. JP after JP was reported to be out to lunch. Finally, a JP named Theron Ward was located and asked to come to Parkland immediately.

Theron Ward could not comply immediately, or anything like it. He was JP for Precinct Three, and that was in Garland, Texas—14 miles away. While everyone was waiting for him, the row around Earl Rose grew in intensity. Dr. Rose talked to District Attorney Henry Wade, who advised him to step aside and let the Secret Service handle everything. A less combative man would have welcomed the escape hatch, but Rose didn't want to escape. Instead, he became more vehement. Kemp Clark and Rose exchanged bitter words, and afterward, Clark took the worried Jack Price aside and advised him that he favored using force. "It may come to pinning him down and sitting on him," he warned, adding that he would be delighted to be among the sitters. He was one of many. If Rose had intended to preempt the center of the stage, he was meeting with spectacular success.

Outside Parkland, JP Theron Ward added his tan Buick coupe to the tangled junkyard. He might as well have arrived in a tumbrel. A justice of the peace could make no peace between the militants in major medicine; he could only mangle his own reputation. Ward was nearly saved from his fate—at the entrance, he introduced himself to a Secret Service man as "the JP" and was promptly ejected. The misunderstanding arose from his title. On the Eastern Seaboard, a JP is a minor functionary, a rung or two above a notary public. In Texas, he is an elected magistrate, with a courtroom and a daily docket. Judge Ward was accustomed to a more dignified reception, and when he presented himself at another entrance, he got it, from a nurse who led him to the nurse's station. She looked grateful to see him and said so, which was the last kind word he was to hear for some time.

Earl Rose recognized him. His eyes lit up; he crooked his finger "peremptorily"—the adverb is Ward's—and cried, "Judge Ward, you are under the gun! This case must be handled as no other case in history has been handled. If you allow this body to be moved, it will be moved illegally."

During the hasty introductions that followed, Ward attempted to explain his role to the glowering Federal officials who flanked the med-

ical examiner. "I'm the JP who will be handling the case," he said to Dr. Burkley, attempting to take Burkley's arm. The arm was withdrawn. Rose's attitude had discredited Ward in advance, creating a violent revulsion toward local law. To the Washingtonians, moreover, the Judge didn't seem to be much of a jurist; Kellerman, like the agent who had turned him away, was unimpressed by the title of JP. Ward's physical presence was no help. A prepossessing newcomer—a Texan with the lordly bearing of a Connally—might have dominated the quarrel. The Judge was short, slight, sandy-haired and young. Finally, he appeared to be indecisive. "I'll handle everything as quickly as possible," he assured Kellerman and Burkley. They eyed him skeptically and felt vindicated when, in the very next breath, he marched back down the hill. He begged for "a few minutes to check a point of law."

Actually, his request was entirely reasonable. He was in strange country and plainly needed a guide. Elsewhere in the same city at that very moment, a Federal judge and the U. S. attorney for a hundred counties were vexed by the relatively simple question of the Presidential oath. During his debut, at least, Ward deserved a sympathetic hearing.

He didn't get it. The men with whom he was pleading were in a fever of resentment. Their tempers couldn't take another degree of heat. Shattered by the murder, antagonized toward all Texans because of it, they had been harried past endurance by the inimical medical examiner.

Kellerman displayed his commission book. "My friend—Your Honor—isn't there something in your law that makes a waiver possible?"

"I'm sorry," Ward said unhappily. "I know who you are, but I can't help you under the circumstances."

As Ward was talking, Kellerman had noticed that the church truck was being rolled into view. Jacqueline Kennedy was standing behind it, her hand resting lightly on the bronze top. Clint Hill, Godfrey McHugh, Sergeant Dugger, and Oneal were bunched around her; O'Donnell, O'Brien, Powers, Clifton, Gonzalez and Andy Berger flanked the church truck. Earl Rose stood blocking the wide door through which the coffin would pass. It had come to that.

At this point, everything becomes confused. Judge Ward, who watched the beginning of the scene from the nurse's station, afterward believed that the encounter was over in a matter of moments. In fact, it was prolonged. According to the nurses who were watching Parkland's IBM clocks, Rose's last stand lasted ten minutes. Each man has his own story, and all clash, because all are saturated with emotion. Mrs. Kennedy, who had the clearest eye there, would be an invaluable witness, but she was deliberately sequestered.

Gonzalez saw Rose hold up one flat hand, like a traffic cop. "We can't release anything!" Rose said. "A violent death requires a post! It's our law!"

The Dallas medical examiner seemed to be in a tantrum. His arms were flapping, his shirt

continued on page 53

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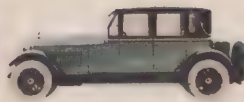
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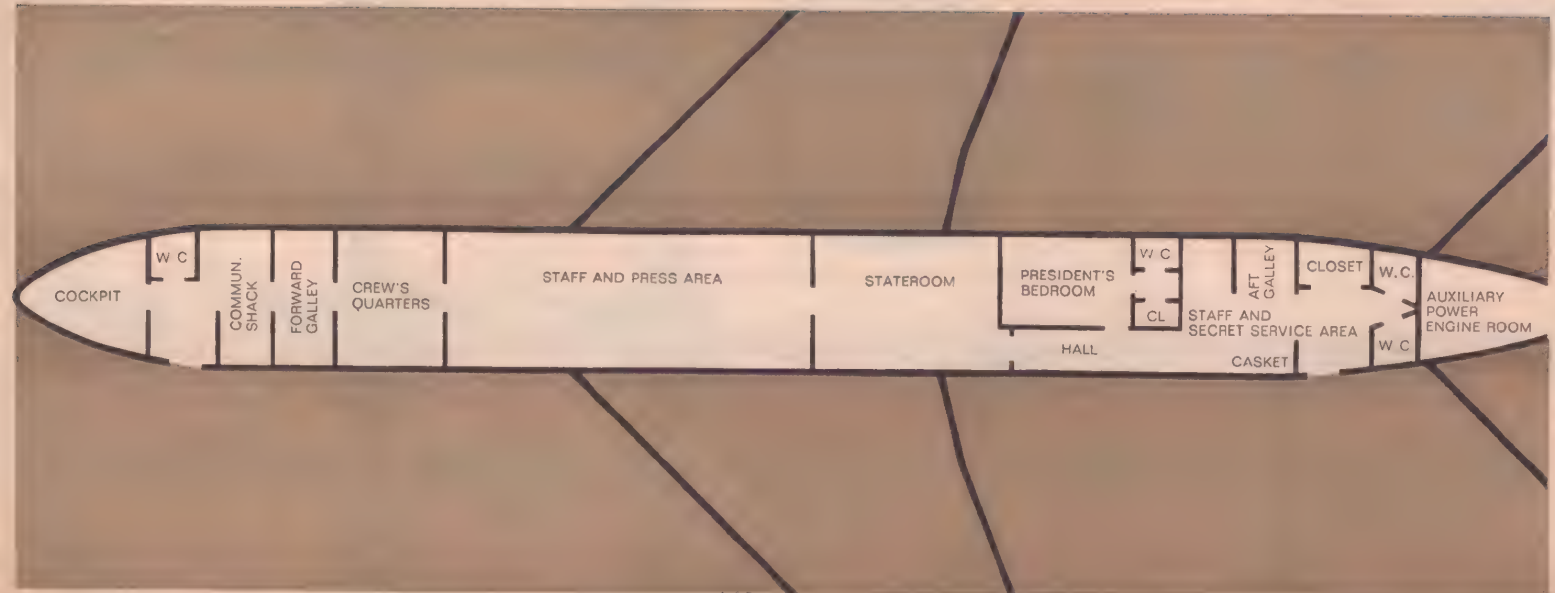


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was disheveled. He was livid; the blood had left his freckled face, giving him the complexion of cold oatmeal. He was speaking rapidly, in a shrill, animated voice, which to Gonzalez sounded like a screech. Following the thread of his thought was hard, but he appeared to be lecturing them on the protection of the innocent, the accused's day in court, the credo of the physician and the sanctity of the Texas statutes the Federal employees were attempting to profane.

The men around the coffin decided to adopt Kemp Clark's suggestion; if necessary, they would hold him down. A signal was passed, O'Donnell to Kellerman to the other Secret Service agents; Rose was surrounded by muscle.

"You can't leave now!" he gabbled at Ken; bounding up and down to keep the coffin in view: "You can't move it!"

A crush of sweating men had developed around the wide door. The door had been forced open, and people were wedging their way in from the corridor beyond; Theron Ward estimated the crowd at 40. Until now, Rose had been a lonely figure, but this was still Dallas, he was still a public official, and a medical examiner's natural allies were Dallas policemen. One of them was among the arrivals from the outer hall. He took up a position at Rose's side.

It looked as though they might have to hold more than one man down, and if the patrolman intervened actively, he would be no pushover; he was fingering a pistol.

As O'Donnell and O'Brien were shoulder- ing their way toward Rose, they were stopped by Burkley and McHugh, who proposed another solution. They explained that a justice of the peace was present, and that he had the power to overrule the medical examiner. Everyone waited while the judge was summoned; then he arrived and disappointed them. He could do nothing, he said. If a JP suspected a homicide, it was his duty to order an autopsy. There were plenty of grounds for suspicion here, and he couldn't overlook them. He guessed the procedure wouldn't take more than three hours. O'Donnell asked that an exception be made for President Kennedy.

Although the din was atrocious, both he and O'Brien heard the justice of the peace say, with what they regarded as a distinctly unsympathetic inflection, "It's just another homicide case as far as I'm concerned." The effect on O'Donnell was instantaneous. He uttered an oath. Thrusting his head forward until their noses nearly grazed, he said, "We're leaving."

The policeman beside Rose pointed to the medical examiner and the justice of the peace and told O'Brien, "These two guys say you can't go."

"One side," Larry said curtly. Jerking his head, Ken said, "Get the hell over. We're getting out of here. We don't give a damn what these laws say. We're not staying here three hours or three minutes." He called to Dave, who had taken Jackie into a nearby cubicle, "We're leaving now." To Kellerman, he snapped, "Wheel it out!"

At this juncture, in O'Donnell's words, "It became physical—us against them." Kellerman,

who hadn't even heard Ken, had begun to pull the church truck on his own, butting flesh with his shoulders; the agents and Sergeant Dugger were pushing. It is impossible to say who was obstructing them, because in the melee, several men who seemed to be barring their progress had been daunted and were simply trying to get out of the way. Earl Rose wasn't among them. His patrolman had capitulated, and he had been shoved away from the threshold. Neither was Theron Ward. He was in the nurse's station, calling the District Attorney. To Ward, as to Earl Rose earlier, the District Attorney explained that he had no objection to the removal of the body. Holding the receiver with his right hand, the Judge waved toward the men at the door with his left hand, motioning them to go ahead. The value of the gesture is doubtful. It was like signaling to a bowl-game scrimmage from a cheap seat. The scrap was already resolved. The last wavering human obstacle faded away, and the coffin rolled into the corridor. The widow was walking directly behind it, her gloved hand once more on the gleaming cover.

As they approached the ambulance dock, an orderly raced up and handed an agent a blank certificate of death signed by Kemp Clark. It was swiftly pocketed. By now, the formation was moving forward in a rush, and in the disarray, Dr. Burkley and Agent Bill Greer were left behind. "It was in a panic to get out of there," O'Brien recalled afterward. "That little lady just couldn't stand there with her husband's body that way."

Father Cain was propelled to the dock edge, where he continued his incantations while the staff, coached by Oneal, eased the President into his ambulance-hearse's cargo compartment. There was a door on the right-hand side, leading to a jump seat beside the coffin. Sergeant Dugger, who was nearest, opened it for Jacqueline Kennedy. It was exactly 2:08 p.m.

The prospect of a pitched battle in the presence of the young widow had intimidated them all. They were determined to reach the airport and take off before imaginary reinforcements could arrive and overpower them.

Even as Agent Andy Berger ran his fingers over the unfamiliar controls, those fears seemed justified. Men were banging on the doors demanding admittance. They really weren't as forbidding as they seemed. One was Oneal's driver; the other, Oneal himself. "Let me in!" shrielled the driver, to whom Berger was a trespasser. His employer was less strident. The undertaker wasn't concerned; he was under the extraordinary impression that the funeral would be in Dallas, and he merely wanted to establish a rendezvous. "Do you know the way to my mortuary?" he called to Roy. "I'll meet you there."

"We're not going there," Roy replied. "We're going to Love Field. Follow us, and you can pick up your ambulance." "Hearse," Oneal instinctively corrected him. Then he turned to Hugh Sidey of *Time* and expressed concern over who would pay him.

Sidey stared at him, then glanced at the *continued*

Lyndon Johnson sat in the President's bedroom while telephoning Attorney General Robert Kennedy in Virginia to discuss the question of when and where he should take the oath. The oath was administered in the stateroom, and the President and his aides gathered there to watch Walter Cronkite on television in an effort to learn more details about the assassination. Mrs. John F. Kennedy came into the stateroom to stand next to Johnson when he took the oath, then returned to the area where the casket had been placed. She stayed there during the return flight to Washington.

small semicircle of curiosity seekers in front of the tangled parking lot, at the wintry pile of the hospital overhead and out to the neon boulevard, where the six-lane stream of blatting traffic

halted and moved, halted and moved as the signal lights mechanically turned red, amber, green: *Sordid*, he thought. *What a sordid place for the glory of the Kennedy era to end.*

CHAPTER FOUR

AT LOVE FIELD, as the stewards locked 26000's rear door, Jacqueline Kennedy wanted to be by herself for a few minutes. The last time she and Jack had been alone together, she remembered, they had been in the private cabin. He had loved the room; so had she. She decided that would be the right place for her to compose herself. Stepping softly, she moved down the dim corridor. Because she regarded the bedroom as hers, she did not knock; she simply grasped the latch and twisted it. Inside, reclining on the bed, was Lyndon Johnson, dictating to Marie Fehmer.

Mrs. Kennedy came to a dead stop. The new President heaved himself up and hastily lumbered past her. Marie swiftly gathered her notebooks and pencils and followed Johnson out.

The widow stared after them. For an instant, she paused indecisively on the bright-blue carpet with the golden Presidential eagle worked into it; then she returned to the corridor.

The relentless tension of the past two hours was beginning to lift a little for many of those on the plane. They had all missed the Trade Mart lunch and were now hungry. Johnson called for a bowl of soup. In Marie Fehmer's words, he "just inhaled the soup and crackers—they were gone in a flash." Putting the dish aside, he sighed, "It's been a year since I got up." Mrs. Kennedy returned to the tail cabin, to stay with the coffin.

Godfrey McHugh, meantime, had reached the nose of the aircraft. He had not seen either Johnson or Mrs. Johnson and was preoccupied with the need for immediate departure, now that President Kennedy's body was aboard. Entering the staff cabin, he was relieved to hear a familiar whine: Pilot Jim Swindal, on his own, had started the number-three engine, the sign that a hop was imminent. Calling ahead, McHugh shouted; "Take off! The President is aboard!"

Two Presidents were aboard, though McHugh had not thought of it that way. And Johnson's decision to take his oath in Dallas was about to cause an increase in the inevitable tension between the Johnson and Kennedy people.

During the past two hours, the Kennedy staff had lost a President and then battled to remove his coffin from the hospital. They had faced more buffeting than most people experience in a lifetime. Their tempers were tinder. If Johnson had directed them to take the plane parked alongside rather than Air Force One, they would have been spared the climax of their anguish.

Yet perspective suggests compassion. Johnson *was* the President, whether or not they could bring themselves to acknowledge him as such.

And as Robert McNamara observed later, "You must remember that *he* was in a state of shock too." To their credit, the Kennedy staff members concealed their scars during those early hours, realizing that any public rift with the emerging administration would be a disservice to the country and, in consequence, to the man they mourned.

Swindal's crew was enormously proud of the speed with which they could become airborne and drilled constantly to shave seconds. Godfrey McHugh assumed that the first engine whine would be followed by a quick taxiing into position and a lifting sensation. It had always been that way. This was to be an exception, however. The man who was to signal a change in the regular procedure was Mac Kilduff, a Kennedy man who had ridden to the airport in the breakneck caravan behind the hearse.

Johnson had summoned the acting press secretary, whose calmness at Parkland had impressed him, and asked him to take the lead in setting things up for Sarah Hughes. "I've got to be sworn in here," Johnson told Kilduff. "I've talked to the Attorney General."

Mac reacted quickly. The flight to Washington, he realized, would have to be postponed. He headed for Swindal, and as he darted forward, he must have passed McHugh—one of several near misses for McHugh that can only be understood in the light of the turmoil in the staff area.

"Cut it off!" Mac told Swindal. He offered no explanation, but he was a member of the Presidential staff. The pilot obediently reached for his instruments. McHugh approached the nose of the aircraft seconds later and called, "Take off! The President is aboard!"

"No, we can't," Swindal called back:

"Let's go."

"Mr. Kilduff says we can't."

"It doesn't matter what anybody says. *Move*," McHugh commanded. He was a general, Swindal was a colonel. McHugh returned aft, assuming that he would be obeyed.

Johnson, who had asked Kilduff whether there were any photographers present, entered the bedroom's powder room to change his shirt and comb his hair. For the second time, McHugh missed an encounter by seconds, though it is doubtful that his attitude would have changed much if they had met. To him, Lyndon Johnson was still Lyndon—the Vice-President—and Vice-Presidents, far from issuing decrees to the men surrounding Presidents, defer to them. Johnson had tacitly acknowledged this at Parkland when he turned a deaf ear to Youngblood and Agent Emory Roberts, refusing to leave what they regarded as a potential deathtrap until O'Donnell

had given him permission to go. Since then, he had grasped the enormity of what had happened and had become President Johnson in his own eyes. But Godfrey McHugh saw things differently. He was an emotional man—he had already decided to renounce his Texas citizenship—and under the present circumstances, he would regard an instruction from Johnson as an impertinence.

The cabin in the tail grew more humid. Jacqueline Kennedy said, "It's so hot. Let's leave."

"Didn't you tell them?" Ken O'Donnell asked McHugh.

"Yes, but Mac Kilduff told them something else. I'll go up again."

In the communications shack, he ran into Kilduff. Mac was out of breath. He had been attending to assorted details, assembling a make-shift press pool, and rehearsing White House photographer Capt. Cecil Stoughton and his cameras for the ceremony. Even so, his unintelligibility with McHugh is remarkable. He could have hardly been more obscure had he tried. "What's going on?" McHugh demanded.

"We're waiting for newspaper people."

"The hell with newspaper people! We're going to go."

"We have to wait for Lady Bird's luggage; it's not here yet."

"What? She's on her own plane."

"No, she's here, and we're waiting for a Texas judge. A lady."

Back to the rear compartment. Ken O'Donnell asked McHugh, "Well?"

"I don't know what's happening. We're waiting for a woman judge, some reporters and Mrs. Johnson's baggage," McHugh reported. He knew it sounded idiotic, but that was what he had been told.

O'Donnell's face drew to a point, as though the muscles had been tightened by a single drawing within. "*You leave right now.*"

"This time we're going," McHugh promised grimly. He could replace Swindal and fly the plane himself if he had to.

In the corridor outside the bedroom, he hesitated. Mac had specifically mentioned Lady Bird. It seemed preposterous to McHugh, but perhaps something had happened to the backup plane. Perhaps Johnson himself was also aboard.

By his own account, McHugh made five journeys through the length of the aircraft before he found out why they weren't moving.

Wandering into the staff cabin, Larry O'Brien heard someone ask Marie Fehmer if she had typed the Presidential oath of office. She nodded, and Larry comprehended everything. At about the same time, O'Donnell overheard a discussion in the stateroom, and someone called out, "We need a photographer, and we're waiting for a judge." Ken, though he disapproved, understood what was meant. McHugh alone remained in the dark.

The conflict had become irreconcilable. The Kennedy party believed that Air Force One's chief passenger was their fallen leader; since he could not give them orders, they looked to Mrs. Ken-

nedy, who shared their feeling that they must quit Dallas and who was bewildered by the delay. The attitude of the Johnson party, on the other hand, was summed up by Youngblood, who drew Lem Johns aside during the turmoil and emphatically told him, "When the boss says we go, then we go."

McHugh reached the front of the plane for the third time. He spotted Mac Kilduff. Bounding toward him—Kilduff had the impression that he was "galloping"—he said hotly, "We've got to take off immediately."

"Not until Johnson has taken the oath," said Kilduff.

"Johnson isn't here. He's on the backup plane."

"Then you go back and tell that six-foot Texan he isn't Lyndon Johnson," Kilduff said: "We're not going to Andrews until the President has been sworn."

McHugh flushed. Pointing toward the tail compartment he cried, "I have only one President; and he's lying back in that cabin."

It was a dramatic remark, and the plane was small enough so that his words became known to virtually every passenger before they landed at the capital. Ken O'Donnell heard them and was proud of the general. "This morning you were this tall," he said, holding his hand a few inches from the floor. Then he raised it as high as he could reach and said, "Now, you're up here." But Lyndon Johnson had ears too. That brief exchange in the communications shack altered the destinies of the two men; Kilduff, whom O'Donnell had dismissed, had laid claim to a job in the new administration, while General McHugh had forfeited his hope for another star. Indeed, even his days in uniform were numbered.

AFTER THE NEW PRESIDENT had changed his shirt and combed his hair, Joe Ayres laid out some blue Air Force One towels for Jacqueline Kennedy. She thanked him and entered the bedroom, and the Johnsons came in to offer their condolences. Johnson called her "Honey," put his arm around her and shook his head, but he left expressions of commiseration to his wife. Mrs. Johnson was a woman, and Mrs. Kennedy liked her.

Her face crumpling with tears, the new First Lady said, "Oh, Jackie, you know, we never even wanted to be Vice-President, and now, dear God, it's come to this!"

"Oh, what if I hadn't been there!" Jacqueline Kennedy said. "I was so glad I was there."

Johnson's instinct had been correct. Words were inept. Mrs. Johnson was ordinarily the essence of tact, yet here she slipped. "I don't know what to say," she sobbed, and then she said it: "What wounds me most of all is that this should happen in my beloved state of Texas."

She had scarcely finished before she realized that her tongue had tripped. "Immediately," as she said later, "I regretted it." This was no day for Texas chauvinism; Kennedy's death should be what wounded her most. Her eyes wavered and fell, and she saw the stained glove. She had always

envied the way Jackie wore gloves. She herself usually felt awkward in them and couldn't wait to take them off. This one seemed a part of Jackie. And it was caked with her husband's blood.

"Can we get someone to help you put on fresh things?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

"Oh, no," Mrs. Kennedy replied. "Perhaps later I'll ask Mary Gallagher. But not right now."

The three of them sat on the bed, Mrs. Kennedy in the middle. After a pause, Johnson said uncertainly, "Well—about the swearing in."

"Lyndon," Mrs. Kennedy began, and took a quick breath. Of all those who had been with her husband, she was the first to accept the future. "Oh, excuse me. I'll never call you that again," she said. "I mean, Mr. President."

"Honey, I hope you'll call me that for the rest of your life," he said.

She was silent. Words were difficult for her too. The fact was that he was now the Chief Executive, and she resolved never again to address him by his first name.

"About the swearing in," he repeated, trying again.

"Oh, yes, I know, I know," she said quickly. She thought she knew. She, too, had seen the old engravings, and she remembered that during her televised hour of the White House for CBS she had pointed out that Rutherford B. Hayes, whose Inauguration Day fell on a Sunday, had taken the oath in the Red Room. The ceremony could be anywhere. It could be held right here, and evidently it was going to be. She said, "Yes: What's going to happen?"

"I've arranged for a judge—an old friend of mine, Judge Hughes—to come," he answered. "She'll be here in about an hour. So why don't you lie down and freshen up and everything? We'll leave you alone."

"All right," she said mindlessly, and they went out, closing the bedroom door.

Alone, she smoked a cigarette, staring vacantly into space. Then the full force struck her. *An hour*, she thought. *My God, do I have to wait an hour?*

Seeing Johnson, McHugh guessed correctly that he had erred in not opening the powder-room door earlier. Johnson was aboard. If an oath had to be administered on the plane, the General inquired, why couldn't the ceremony be held in the air? It was a reasonable question. He received no satisfactory answer. Instead, a maddening discussion about lens angles and close-ups had begun. The concern was arising in several minds that they were about to witness a spectacle which was bound to involve President Kennedy's widow. Independently of them, the widow was reaching the same conclusion; after the Johnsons' departure, she noticed that her Austin clothes had been carefully laid out on the other bed: a white dress, white jacket and black shoes. She was left with the feeling that they wanted her to look immaculate in the Inaugural picture.

Johnson had given careful attention to his own appearance. But this preoccupation may easily be misinterpreted. If the oath was to dramatize

the stability of the American system of government, then the show had better be a good show. And if continuity was to be the theme, Jacqueline Kennedy's presence was desirable, however tormenting it might be for her.

O'Donnell and O'Brien were sitting opposite the new President and First Lady.

"The Constitution puts me in the White House, but you two are free to make your own choice," he said to Ken and Larry. "I want to urge you to stay and stand shoulder to shoulder with me. I need you more than you need me—and more than Kennedy needed you."

O'Brien was squirming. He had been chivied enough. *Hell, let's talk about this later*, he thought. But Johnson, as he recalled afterward, "was very definitely in a take-charge mood."

Mrs. Johnson, who was to have no memory of the contretemps, felt that "everybody was doing his utmost best in a difficult situation." The others were to recollect that they did their best to interrupt her husband and that he, wound up, continued to steamroller ahead. O'Brien broke in to describe the coroner's behavior and the need for immediate departure.

"No. I've talked to the Attorney General, and it's his opinion that I should be sworn in here," Johnson replied. With each passing moment, his version of his conversation with Hickory Hill was growing stronger. "I'm expecting a judge, a woman, a friend," he said, and he added, "She's a Kennedy appointee."

Then the realization hit O'Brien: *This man is President of the United States*. Larry's opposition ceased. He closed his eyes, praying that the Judge arrived before the police.

O'Donnell was harder to shake. He couldn't see why Kennedy people should be involved in a Johnson ceremony. In his opinion, the presence of the two groups was a matter of pure chance. The new President kept insisting that he would have held the plane for Mrs. Kennedy. There can be little doubt that he had intended to do that from the outset, but Ken was skeptical. He was convinced that if the Judge had reached the airport before the hearse, Johnson would have taken off without them. He kept remembering the struggle at Parkland, and his face tightened more; to Ted Clifton, he looked wolflike. Clifton heard O'Donnell saying over and over, "We've got to go," "We've got to get out of here," "We can't wait." Each time, Johnson's reply was the same: "No, I have word from the Attorney General."

Later, when Clifton learned that Attorney General Kennedy disavowed advising a Dallas oath (a disavowal strongly supported by Kennedy's opening words to Katzenbach: "Lyndon wants to be sworn in in Texas. . ."), he concluded that the new President must have meant Attorney General Waggoner Carr of Texas. But both O'Brien and O'Donnell clearly heard President Johnson say "Bobby."

Bob Kennedy was the one man who could have persuaded O'Donnell to withdraw his objections. If Bob Kennedy wanted the new President sworn in Dallas—and the Kennedy people continued

never dreamt that Johnson might have misunderstood the Attorney General (though he apparently had)—they would just have to sweat out the Judge's arrival. They only hoped she would hurry. To Clifton, as to O'Brien, the possibility that the slain President's body might be kidnapped seemed very real.

After Judge Sarah Hughes arrived, Johnson dispatched men to round up witnesses, then he himself took over that job.

Gesticulating broadly, he announced, "If anybody wants to join in the swearing-in ceremony, I would be happy and proud to have you."

There was no stampede. 26000's regular passengers hung back. Their aloofness can only be understood in the context of 2:40 p.m. Though the assassin had been caught, 40 minutes would pass before the networks even announced that "a suspect" had been arrested. In the absence of information, there was a general revulsion, not only toward Dallas, but toward the entire state of Texas. Lyndon Johnson, the most famous of Texans, was the innocent victim of that visceral reaction, and photographer Cecil Stoughton's subsequent negatives are stark evidence of what Larry O'Brien called "the tension of the plane." The spectators who were to be framed in Stoughton's lens were a lopsided group. Despite the width of the Hasselblad lens, it did not record the presence of a single male Kennedy aide. The only Kennedy man there—Dr. Burkley—stood behind someone else.

Godfrey McHugh was beside John Kennedy's coffin, standing rigidly at attention. Ken O'Donnell withdrew to the corridor. Larry O'Brien participated in setting up the ritual that Lyndon Johnson had said Bob Kennedy wanted; then he retreated behind Sarah Hughes. The feeling extended to members of the permanent Presidential staff. The crewmen had quietly retired. Swindal pressed his face against Roy Kellerman's broad back. As he explained afterward, "I just didn't want to be in the picture, I didn't belong to the Lyndon Johnson team. My President was in that box."

President Johnson did not deserve this. To a man of his hypersensitivity, such treatment was deeply wounding. More important, it was an affront to the Presidency.

The coexistence of the two administrations in an oppressive airplane, and the fact that most of these same individuals had battled one another three years earlier in Los Angeles, made tempest inevitable here. There were no villains aboard. The villain was downtown at police headquarters.

The focus of the print that Stoughton was to relay within an hour was the classic, pain-torn profile of Mrs. John F. Kennedy. It was her presence that the man about to be sworn had coveted most. He wanted her beside him, and he said so to everyone within earshot. In the end, she appeared, but the decision was to be hers. She understood the symbols of authority, the need for some semblance of national majesty after the disaster, and so she came.

Neither O'Donnell nor O'Brien contem-

plated a role in the ceremony for her. O'Donnell, in fact, was vehemently opposed to it. But Johnson told Sarah Hughes, "We'll wait for Mrs. Kennedy. I want her here." Stoughton suggested that she stand on one side of him and Mrs. Johnson on the other. Johnson nodded. He was becoming impatient, though. He glanced at the bedroom door, glanced again, and said decisively, "Just a minute. I'm going to get her." At that instant, the door opened, and the widowed First Lady stepped out. Johnson introduced her to Sarah Hughes and then drew her to his left side.

"Is this the way you want us?" he inquired of Stoughton. The little photographer, drenched with perspiration, called out instructions.

A voice from the semicircle of witnesses asked, "What about a Bible?" There was a pause in which everyone looked at everyone else, then Joe Ayres reassured them. President Kennedy always carried his personal Bible under the lid of the table between the two beds in his cabin.

The cover was of tooled leather, the edges were handsewn; on the front, there was a gold cross, and on the inside cover, the tiny sewn black-on-black initials, "JFK." On flights alone, the President had read it evenings before snapping off the night-light.

Sarah Hughes regarded it dubiously. Kennedy, she remembered, had quoted the Bible a lot. This must be his—after all, this was his plane—and that meant it was probably Catholic. She hesitated, then decided it would be all right.

President Johnson's audience was not rapt. Most of them didn't hear a word. Stoughton was almost drowning in his own sweat because his camera was defective. His first frame was a dud; nothing snapped. Recovering from the sickening silence, he guessed that a small pin inside had failed to make proper contact. He twisted the film-advance lever forward and back, jiggled the works and heard a click.

Mary Gallagher was watching Ken O'Donnell, who was pacing the corridor outside the bedroom like a caged tiger, his hands clapped over his ears as though to block the oath. Ken was thinking of Jackie, *She's being used, she's being used*. Larry O'Brien stared at Jack Valenti. There was a new zeal about him, and O'Brien, noticing the throbbing veins in his neck, thought, *Well, he's on his way now*. Mugsy O'Leary saw Valenti too. At the same time, it occurred to Mugsy that there had never been so many Texans in the

stateroom. He thought, *It's all over for us*.

The pressure of dank bodies, the soaring temperature and the stuffiness of the cabin gave it the oppressive atmosphere of a sudatorium. Mrs. Johnson alone was unconscious of the humidity. She was thinking, *This is a moment which is altogether dreamlike, because the thing is so unreal; we're just like characters in a play; this is the beginning of something for us that's dreadful and heavy, and you don't know what it holds. We're stepping into a strange new world. It has the quality of a dream, she thought again, and yet it isn't a dream at all*.

The President embraced his wife and Jacqueline Kennedy. "Now, sit down here, honey" Johnson said to the widowed First Lady, steering her toward the seat Stoughton had just vacated. Swindal's engines were shrieking, and Johnson, sinking into the Presidential chair, said to Lem Johns, "Let 'er roll."

Johnson ordered a bowl of bouillon, and Mrs. Johnson had crackers. Mrs. Kennedy rose, saying politely, "Excuse me." She didn't want to offend the Johnsons, but a refrain kept running through her mind: *I'm not going to be in here, I'm going back there*. Scurrying down the corridor, she saw Ken, Larry, Dave and Godfrey standing around the coffin; she sat in one of the two seats opposite, and Ken joined her. Their eyes met, and she began to cry. It was the first time she had wept; the tears came in a flood, and for a long time, she couldn't speak.

Tripping down the ramp steps, Sarah Hughes was hailed by a self-assured man—she remembers him as "rather officious"—who pointed at the black binding in her hand and asked, "Do you want that?" She shook her head. "How about this?" he inquired, fingering a 3 by 5 card on which the text of the oath had been written.

Neither belonged to her, and so she surrendered them, assuming that he was some sort of security man. He wasn't.

His identity is a riddle. His venture required enterprise and luck. The spoils, however, were priceless; he left the airport with a pair of unique souvenirs. The file card is an archivist's curiosity, of interest only to collectors and museums. The book, however, is something more. It was private property, and at this writing, it remains untraced. The last item of Kennedy memorabilia to be left in Dallas, his most cherished personal possession, was his Bible.

CHAPTER FIVE

INDIVIDUAL recollections of the flight were to vary sharply, but nearly everyone in the cabin felt the smoldering animosity. Mac Kilduff called it "the sickest plane I've ever been on." Clint Hill recalled "a great deal of tension between the Kennedy people and the Johnson people." Some made no attempt at camouflage. Ken O'Donnell was particularly vocal. Twice, Johnson sent Bill

Moyers back to ask O'Donnell and O'Brien to sit with him. They flatly refused, and Godfrey McHugh strode up to the press-pool seats to make certain the reporters knew about it. "I want the record to show," he said, pounding the table between them to stress each syllable, "that Ken O'Donnell, Larry O'Brien, Dave Powers and me spent this flight in the tail compartment with the President—President Kennedy."

Ted Clifton entered that rear compartment on an errand for Johnson. Ken flashed, "Why don't you get back and serve your new boss?"

Clifton asked McHugh, "What's eating him? I'm just doing my job."

Only Moyers, the most generous of Johnson's advisers, refused to be aroused. Realizing how deeply Ken had been hurt, he declined the bait. As a native of Dallas, Johnson's secretary, Marie Fehmer, felt a special sense of torment, and she made a stab at pacification. She offered to order soup for the Kennedy secretaries. Lips tightened, heads were shaken. They didn't want soup—didn't, really, want an armistice.

THERE WAS SOME TALK of barring the press from Andrews. Johnson shook his head vigorously; it would, he said, "look like we were panicking." At first, he contemplated a full-dress meeting of the White House staff upon arrival in Washington. Bundy advised against it, pointing out that the men there were too bereft. Moyers agreed, and Johnson reversed himself.

Rufus Youngblood still felt that the Johnsons should spend that night at the White House; but Johnson said, "That would be presumptuous on my part. I won't do it." The agent argued that he had "to think first of security."

"I realize that," the President said, "but you can protect The Elms, too, can't you?"

Youngblood conceded that they could guard the Johnson home.

Johnson beckoned to Moyers. He told him that he had no intention of entering the bedroom now. Perhaps the widow would like to use it to clean up. Moyers, the gentle nexus, went back to tell Jacqueline Kennedy, but she declined Moyers's invitation because she had no need of the bedroom. Remembering the strangeness of the fresh clothes that had been laid out here, she reflected that during her three years in the White House, she had learned much about Lyndon Johnson. Their rapport had been excellent, but a great deal depended upon what the press was told when they landed. She sent for Kilduff and said, "You make sure, Mac—you go and tell them that I was not up front, but that I came back here and sat with Jack." Kilduff bowed his head and mumbled, "I will."

The feeling that something must be done about Jacqueline's appearance had become universal. In the stateroom, the Johnsons and Rufe Youngblood were concerned about it, but so were the standees in the tail cabin. "Why not change?" McHugh asked her. She shook her head vigorously. Kilduff saw the rust-red blood caked under the bracelet on her left wrist and recoiled. Mary Gallagher's first thought on arriving from the front of the plane was to fetch a warm washcloth and soap. Speaking in hushed tones, she consulted McHugh, Clifton and Clint Hill about it until O'Donnell came over and said, "Don't do anything. Let her stay the way she is." Ken now grasped her purpose. Finally, she broke her silence and spelled it out to Dr. Burkley. Kneeling; the physician indicated her ghastly skirt with a

trembling hand. "Another dress?" he suggested diffidently. "No," she whispered fiercely. "Let them see the horror."

"YOU KNOW WHAT I'm going to have, Jackie?" Ken O'Donnell asked her suddenly. "I'm going to have a hell of a stiff drink. I think you should too." She was dubious. She had promises to keep, and miles to go, and a drink might trigger uncontrollable weeping. She asked, "What will I have?"

"I'll make it for you. I'll make you a Scotch."

"I've never had Scotch in my life."

She hesitated, then nodded. Bracers were often prescribed for victims of shock.

Ken brought her a tall, dark tumbler. It tasted like foul medicine, like creosote. Nevertheless, she drank it, and drank another. Indeed, after the funeral, when she had moved to Georgetown, Scotch was the only whisky she would take. She never learned to like it. But it would always remind her of that trip back from Dallas, of the hours she wouldn't permit herself to forget.

The clutch of men standing around her emptied glass after glass. Kilduff later calculated that between Dallas and Washington, he consumed nearly two-thirds of a bottle of gin. Each of them was trying to survive the hideous ride, and if liquor would help, they wanted it.

Liquor didn't help. It didn't do anything: Nothing testifies more persuasively to the passengers' trauma than their astonishing immunity to alcohol. Kilduff, having downed more than enough to anesthetize him, was still cold sober. And when Ben Bradlee met Mrs. Kennedy and her escorts at Bethesda Naval Hospital, he was outraged; from their conduct, he assumed that no one had had sense enough to give them something to drink.

GOADED BY A mighty tailwind, the Presidential aircraft hurtled eastward at a velocity approaching the speed of sound. The plane was cleared to 29,000 feet. Colonel Swindal was determined to go as high as he could, however, higher than anyone had ever taken President Kennedy, and he rose another 12,000 feet before leveling off. At this tremendous altitude, over seven miles straight up, the sky overhead was naked and serene, but its tranquillity was deceptive. Andrews was relaying reports of tornadoes below, and behind him, a cold front was moving in from Arizona. Already, wild squalls were lashing the Panhandle. At Love Field, the temperature was plunging, and the western sky was livid. Kennedy weather had left Dallas with him.

In the southern sky, Swindal saw a waif of a moon hanging ghostlike near the meridian. At first, he thought of the darkness as a blessing. Returning this way, it would be best to land in gloom. But as the light failed, the crescendo of the day hit him harder and harder. Swindal had brought the President to Texas in exuberant spirits; at the height of his remarkable powers; and now; he was ferrying him back in a box. The passion of his own life had been spent. Behind him (as he

thought of it then) were the President, the First Lady, the Vice-President and Mrs. Johnson. No aircraft commander had ever been charged with so grave a responsibility, yet he wondered whether he could make it to Andrews. He was near collapse. "It became," in his words, "a struggle to continue."

His co-pilot was, if anything, in worse shape: Before the flight began, Lt. Col. Lewis Hanson had been obsessed with the desire to leave Texas immediately. At any moment, he had expected the fuselage to be raked by machine-gun fire, and twice during the wait for Sarah Hughes, he had started the engines on his own.

The magenta twilight turned to olive gloaming and became dusk. The Colonels looked out upon the overarching sky. Saturn dogged the moon. Jupiter lay over the Carolinas; the Big Dipper, beyond Chicago. But the brightest light in the bruise-blue canopy was Capella. Always a star of the first magnitude, it seemed dazzling tonight, and as the Presidential plane rocketed toward West Virginia, it rose majestically a thousand miles to the northeast, over Boston.

Air Force One was 30 minutes away, maneuvering over the Shenandoah, as Bob Kennedy looked out across the plain of oil-stained concrete. Andrews had never been an attractive base. Most of the field was now cloaked by night, but Kennedy glimpsed a group of television cameramen by the MATS gate. He resolved to avoid them. Yet he was equally determined to be at Jackie's side the instant the plane stopped rolling. Casting about, he saw a deserted Air Force truck and vaulted over the tail gate. Sitting in almost total darkness among pieces of unfamiliar gear, he remembered the last time he had been here. It had been at noon on Saturday, October 20, 1962. The missile crisis had just begun; U-2 reconnaissance had confirmed the presence of Russian sites in Cuba, and the President, alerted by phone, had flown home from Chicago on the pretext that he was suffering from a cold. The Attorney General had stood on this same barren stretch, waiting for his brother.

OVER DULLES International Airport, Swindal knifed down through a thin overcast, and for the first time since leaving East Texas saw land.

Johnson was in the Presidential bedroom, shaving, combing his hair and changing his shirt again. Back in the tail compartment, Dave Powers told Roy, "Mrs. Kennedy wants you agents who were with the President to carry him off, and she wants Greer to drive."

Knowing how the chauffeur was suffering, Kellerman was struck by the thoughtfulness of the gesture. Mrs. Kennedy herself was speaking to Evelyn Lincoln, Mary Gallagher, Mugsy O'Leary and George Thomas, who had also been summoned. "I want you near the coffin," she said to each, and to Godfrey McHugh, she said, "I want his friends to carry him down." Ted Clifton came back to tell Ken O'Donnell, "The Army is prepared to take the coffin off."

O'Donnell replied shortly, "We'll take it continued

off." Ken passed the word in the staff area that Mrs. Kennedy wished to have those who had been closest to her husband accompany him upon debarkation. But there was a second President aboard, and it does seem clear that everyone had priority over the new Chief Executive, including stewards. Fifteen people were wedged into the tiny corridor: Kilduff saw that the President was left standing there in the stateroom.

The acting press secretary was humiliated. Later in the evening, his embarrassment increased. At the Executive Office Building, he discovered Johnson continued to be annoyed and that he held Kilduff responsible. The new President was still brooding over the incident the following afternoon. After presiding over the Cabinet for the first time, he confided to one of its members that he had "real problems with the family." According to this secretary's notes, set down later that same day, "He said that when the plane came in, the family . . . paid no attention to him whatsoever, that they took the body off the plane, put it in the car, took Mrs. Kennedy along and departed, and only then did he leave the plane without any attention directed or any courtesy toward him, then the President of the United States. But he said he just turned the other cheek . . . he said, what can I do, I do not want to get into a fight with the family and the aura of Kennedy is important to all of us."

The eyes of the crowd were on the rear

hatch, the President's. A ramp had been readied for the front entrance, and the Attorney General vaulted on it, unseen; he was pumping up the steps while it was still being rolled into place. Leaping in, he darted through the communications shack, the staff cabin and the stateroom. Liz Carpenter, recognizing his gaunt features, reached out to pat his shoulder. He didn't notice her or the Johnsons—next day, the President observed to one of his advisers that Kennedy hadn't spoken to him—because he was intent on reaching one person. "I want to see Jackie," Liz heard him mumble. In the tail compartment, he slid behind and then beside Mrs. Kennedy. "Hi, Jackie," he said quietly, putting an arm around her. "I'm here." Those around them started; his voice was exactly like his brother's.

BOB KENNEDY SLID OPEN the plastic partition separating the rear of the ambulance from the front and asked, "Roy, did you hear they'd apprehended a fellow in Dallas?"

Roy hadn't. For two hours, Lee Oswald had been news in the rest of the nation, but of 26000's passengers, only those who had been watching the stateroom television set knew of it.

"That's good," Kellerman said.

"It was one man."

"At the hospital, I'll come up and talk to you."

"You do that," said Bob, and closed the par-

tition. Jacqueline Kennedy told him, "I don't want any undertakers. I want everything done by the Navy." He asked McHugh to see to that. Then a disjointed discussion ensued, touching upon the probable future of Kennedy aides, the delayed takeoff from Love Field, McHugh's role in that, and the explanation that the new President had offered at the time.

"He said he'd talked to you, Bobby," Jackie told her brother-in-law, "and that you'd said he had to be sworn in right there in Dallas."

The Attorney General was startled. There must be some misunderstanding, he said; he had made no such suggestion. (The author invited President Johnson to comment on this misapprehension. He replied that he had nothing to add to his statement to the Warren Commission.)

Leaning gently on the coffin, Mrs. Kennedy whispered, "Oh, Bobby—I just can't believe Jack has gone." Her luminous eyes fixed on a gray curtain over his shoulder, she described the motorcade, the murder in the sunlight, and the aftermath. For 20 minutes, he listened in silence. Afterward, he said, "It was so obvious that she wanted to tell me about it that whether or not I wanted to hear it wasn't a factor. . . . I didn't think about whether I wanted to hear it or not. So she went through all that." Without comment or expression, he heard the full horror of Dallas; heard the tale told in the husky dulcet voice that came to him softly across the casket.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF LOOK THE DRAMATIC CONCLUSION OF THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT

William Manchester reveals Johnson's initial plan to have the investigation of the assassination conducted only by Texans, the annoyance of Kennedy aides when the new President requested White House office space, and the reopening of old wounds at the first meeting of the Johnson Cabinet, in Part Four: *The Jarring Change in Washington*.

Introducing The White Hots!

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The undiscovered Caribbean



SABA



ST. EUSTATIUS



MARINA CAY



DOMINICA



BONAIRE



ILES DES SAINTES



ST. BARTHÉLEMY

Eight islands in the sun

● BONAIRE

THESE ARE primitive islands, warmed by the sun and the people. When Columbus landed, the Carib Indians had the cannibal pot boiling. Now, the natives are friendlier and put up with a small but steady invasion of well-seasoned tourists. Only the islands remain the same—outposts of solitude untorn by subdividers and ignored, thankfully, by Hilton. They are more Old World than New. Islanders—quiet and shy—may speak Dutch, English, Spanish, Portuguese, French or a patois like Papiamentu. They spend francs, guilders, florins, Beewees (British West Indies dollars). The flat-island, steel-band, hiya-baby Caribbean cliché ends here. Untrod white and black sandy beaches push against thick jungle or stretch up to green hills. Sheer cliffs overhang the sea. Sheep graze on sloping meadows; it is England. Flowers bloom on bright hillsides; it is Italy. Green parakeets blur through rain forests, and jungles bud with wild orchids and rumble with waterfalls and mountain streams. Cactus sprouts in bubbled needled balls upon coral rock, or in tall stands along the sea. These lonely islands have nothing—and yet everything.

PRODUCED BY GERALD ASTOR AND JACK SHEPHERD
PHOTOGRAPHED BY PHILLIP HARRINGTON AND BOB LERNER



- MARINA CAY
- ST. MAARTEN
- SABA
- ST. BARTHÉLEMY
- ST. EUSTATIUS
- ILES DES SAINTES
- DOMINICA



ST. MAARTEN

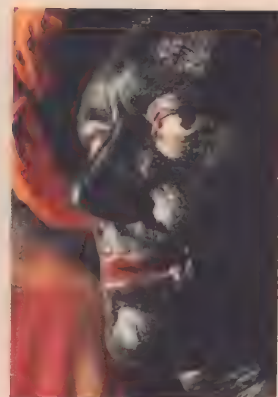


In Gustavia, St. Barthélemy, Hans Peter Newe, 28, rests atop his sailboat Grethe.

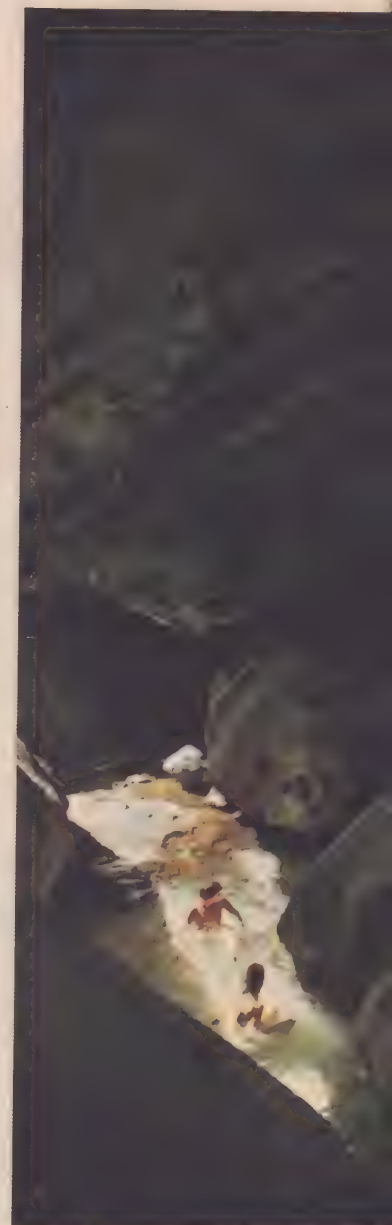
Tough islands, gentle people

Only the determined reach these islands. They fly in, bouncing in the cloud-flecked sky, swooping low past mountains and jungle to tiny airstrips. Others take small island boats, rocking along with the ancient native women, the rum and wine, the chickens and crated pigs and white flour sacks. Some cruise in by freighter or liner, and a very few, like Hans Peter Newe, above, sail in themselves. Newe, a German, shoved off from the Canary Islands to Antigua and St. Barthélemy in his 15-foot open sailboat. The Atlantic crossing took 42 days. Why do they bother to come? Because there are few telephones and no schedules and sea and sun and quiet towns that turn off their lights at 9:30 and people who are really glad to see them. All make getting back even harder.

Day is done, and the Geestbay anchors, full of bananas, off Roseau, Dominica.



St. Maarten festival's Black Peter.



Shafts of sun stab past the boulders to touch



A few islands, like Bonaire, have a slick casino.



the foaming sea in The Baths of Virgin Gorda.



Kralendijk is the scrubbed Dutch capital of Bonaire, with red and yellow and white and mustard houses along the sea.



Only road signs make demands on carefree life.



Straw hats sleep on a shady rack.



Flamingos breed in Bonaire's salt flats and feed in its inland Goto-Meer, above.



These tranquil islands erupt at Carnival



Evadney Charles, Roseau's 1965 Carnival Queen, types for the Banana Association.



The Marc Ghisonis from France honeymoon on Les Saintes.



Poeky Beaujon's dad governs St. Maarten.



Girls learn early the wiles of marketing.



The Caribbean breeze crosses Marina Cay, rocking a hammock and Dr. Joan Kvaraceus, a Boston surgeon.

The seas take the men, leaving lonely women. Once fishermen, now these islanders cross the ocean to better jobs or schools in the States or Europe. Those who stay may raise goats or sheep, fish, run small shops or stores, work for the government or tend tourists. On Bonaire, there are six women to every man. But the legendary hospitality of Saba women, whose men stocked the merchant marine, is just that—legend. In fact, most island women are shy and well-chaperoned. The quiet life erupts once a year at Carnival time, two days before Lent. It is a way fast fading. Already, hotels are going up; a web of airfields is being spun; Americans and Europeans are moving in. Louise Vincent, from Norwalk, Conn., says of her white-bleached island, St. Maarten, "I look out my kitchen window and see the great masses of bougainvillea. It's breathtaking. My friends ask why I came here. I write and say, 'What do you see out of *your* window in November?' "

Yolanda Booi grew up on Bonaire, now clerks for Spritzer & Fuhrmann.

continued

Caribbean



“Le pipe” the pilot

Jose begins his approach to the tricky 1,000-foot strip hacked out of Saba's volcanic rock. Few aircraft, fewer pilots can be trusted to land and take off here.

The string that ties the pearls of the Caribbean together is the island pilot. Jose Dormoy of Windward Islands Airways drives twin-engine aircraft packed with six passengers, sacks of langouste and cement, surveyor tools, a case of rum, whatever can be crammed into the baggage compartment or between passengers. His territory stretches some 325 miles from the Virgin Islands to Dominica.

Shirt open to the navel, sunglasses on, puffing the omnipresent pipe that gives him his fractured French name, Jose also wears the label of hottest and best pilot in the area. Born on Guadeloupe, he learned to fly at 17 for the RAF. “Demobbed” in 1946, Dormoy handled P-51’s and P-47’s for the French in Morocco before moving on to South America to bush pilot for ten years. Now, after 15,000 air hours logged, working sometimes six months without a day off, Jose fights staleness by taking up a ship for acrobatics. “I have to do it or I would go crazy.” A local civil-aeronautics official agrees. “If he didn’t have the urge for acrobatics, that is bad too. He becomes a taxi driver, goes from here to there, a routine, and gets careless.”

continued



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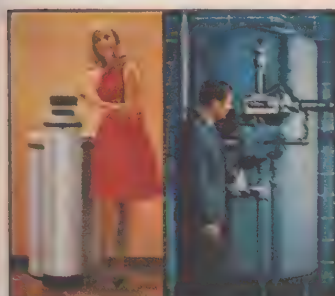
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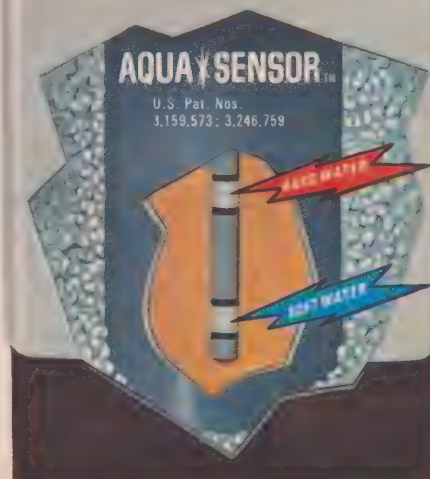


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What have



Le Pipe secures cabin door for cargo of nuns on Saba (left). Above, he greets one of three sons by first wife at her home on Guadeloupe. Dormoy lives on St. Maarten with second spouse Jane, four dogs, an aviary stocked with local birds and a friendly pelican named Anatole.

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these islands got?

Islands of retreat disappear too easily. A ten-story hotel going up on a sandy, remote Bonaire beach will overlook everyone and change the place in two years. Islanders debate their existence, feeling the tremor of onrushing manswarm tourists who demand plastic lobby flowers and air-conditioned sea breezes. Here are some of the untouched and fleeting:

MARINA CAY

The six-acre bull's-eye of the British Virgin Islands, Marina Cay presents ten charming cottages, a family-style atmosphere and all of the splendor of Caribbean marine life. Snorkelers down by Marina Cay's tiny beach float over beds of sculptured coral, through scenes played by darting yellow, blue, green and black piscine actors. Skilled investigators can take off on scuba expeditions to the abundant depths of Mosquito Island.

Motor launches carry guests to the boulder-domed baths of nearby Virgin Gorda. Wading, swimming or climbing through the sea-fed pools, the visitor looks up through jagged holes at a powder-blue sky while the sun aims shifting shafts of light into the baths.

Castaway parties drop couples on the deserted beaches of islands off Marina Cay, where privacy permits even skinny dips.

Sailors ply the green sea aboard Marina Cay-supplied yachts or tiny Sunfish. Cruising boats from San Juan and St. Thomas make it a point to stop and sample the cuisine and hospitality of the reigning Batham family (Londoners all).

The subject of a book on a 20th-century pioneering venture, *Our Virgin Island* by Robb White, Marina Cay can be reached by plane to Beef Island, where launches carry fresh food and visitors to the resort. Reserve far in advance, forget about nightclubs or formal wear. The management discourages water skiing.

ST. MAARTEN

Largest of the Dutch Windwards (which are part of the Netherlands Antilles), St. Maarten shares the island with French St. Martin. The partition is marked less noticeably than the borders of the sovereign states of New York and Connecticut.

Like so many Caribbean sun spots, St. Maarten attracts tourists chiefly with its great crescents of sand leading down to a placid sea. Inland, a cacophony of bougainvillea reds, pinks, whites bursts from the gentle green slopes. Sheep, goats and chickens amiably mingle with the permanent residents.

Free port St. Maarten sells liquor, cameras, jewelry, perfumes at bargain prices in stores at Philipsburg, a town delineated by Front Street and Back Street. On the French side, the main place is Marigot, a village

with iron-grillwork balconies, fishing boats and a couple of above-average import shops.

Hotels range from the inland, intimate Mary's Fancy (with swimming pool); the clubby Pasanggrahan and The Caravanserai, both seaside spots, the latter also boasting a pool, to the spreading Little Bay Hotel, with casino, nightclub and movies, the only entertainment shows on the island. The French side offers the best looking girls, a restaurant and small hotel, Le Pirate, and a sleepier tempo than even the somnolent Dutch portion. A jet strip puts the entire island a few hours away from the U.S.

ST. BARTHÉLEMY

Known as the only white island in the Caribbean, St. Barts lies a few miles southeast of St. Maarten. Norman and Breton stock dominates the population, but a short stretch of Swedish rule gave the port Gustavia its name. Miles of beaches, many of them unreachable by car, some even by foot, girdle St. Barts. David Rockefeller's \$200,000 cottage can only be reached by boat. Baron Edmond de Rothschild is expected to be the second millionaire with a haven on St. Barts. Women stroll about in wide-brimmed bonnets, generally associated with the mother country.

The terrain varies from English sheep meadows to terraced hills akin to Italy, then plunges to sea-level stands of palms and ferns. A Caribbean sunset from a St. Barts hill features an orange ball foundering in a magenta, then wine-dark, sea; the sky goes pink, orange, ochre, gray, black.

St. Barts offers positively the lowest prices on luxury imports and rates as a favored stop for cruising schooners and possibly smugglers. The neat rectangular harbor of Gustavia seems almost artificially crafted. Among the pleasures of St. Barts is a stroll about the piers where schooners load up to trade at neighboring isles. An occasional film flickers on a white warehouse wall, and bands imported from St. Kitts play for dockside dances during the season.

Langouste, the clawless South American lobster, prefer the waters close in to St. Barts, and the local fishermen supply home folks and St. Maarten customers.

Eden Rock and Autour du Rocher accommodate guests outside Gustavia; in town, the Yacht Club puts up visitors. Windward Islands Airways runs regular flights from St. Maarten and Guadeloupe. Eden Rock owner Remy De Haenen also flies in tourists.

ST. EUSTATIUS

Poorest of the Dutch Windwards, Statia claims an interesting history and ruins worth exploring for a few hours. Once a thriving port for the slave trade, and then an arsenal for the American Revolutionaries, the

continued



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Caribbean

island tendered the "first formal recognition of the sovereignty of the U.S.A. through acknowledgment to a national vessel by a foreign official." More plainly, Statia fired a salute to an American man-of-war. For that act, plus the arms peddling, the British occupied the island temporarily, and it declined ever after.

The walls of old slave pens, warehouses, churches and even a synagogue remain, along with 1,200 people who eke out a living farming and fishing. A new administrator hopes to mine pumice left by the island's volcanic origins.

Tiny Government Guest House can handle overnight guests, but the entire island can be seen in a few hours. On the leeward side of Statia, black beaches gently meet the sea. Windward Islands Airways makes daily trips from St. Maarten.

SABA

A geological spasm thrust this Dutch-owned five square miles of extinct volcano out of the sea. Sheer Saba offers no beaches, although a couple of coves permit ocean bathing. At the peak of the volcano, a cloud-shrouded rain forest, reachable only by a 500-step climb, blooms with rare blood-red orchids, bananas and other tropical plants. At lesser altitudes, Saba shows red roofs, white houses, green hills—a summery Switzerland.

Saba's quiet is punctuated by cockcrows and the moan of autos in low gear going down inclines, the whine of low gear climbing up.

Dutch and Scotch antecedents pop up in islanders' speech. "I canna help tha," says the immigration man. "Jah, jah," answers farmer Daniel Johnson to a question. Five family names dominate the heavily inbred population of 1,000.

To get to the main village of The Bottom, a taxi must climb two thousand feet from the airstrip, then traverse down slopes into the valley where The Bottom lies. The best hotel, the Captain's Quarters, hangs on a cliff at the village of Windwardside, offers a tiny pool, tennis court and good food. Windward Islands Airways services Saba; the alternative is a bumpy boat ride from St. Maarten.

BONAIRE

This is a bright little Dutch isle with two hotels, one casino, 7,200 people and uncounted wild goats. A good road circles the island, taking you to hidden beaches edged by coral cliffs, rolling hills covered with cactus, salt flats and a freshwater lake, Goto-Meer, dotted with pink flamingos. The wide, sandy beaches at Sorobon and Boca Cai are wild. Conch meat is a delicacy, and the shells pile up on these beaches, free for the tourists. At the southern end stand small stone huts, shelter for the slaves who once worked the salt flats. The slaves actually lived in Terra Corra and Rincon. Each day in Kralendijk, fish-

ermen put out to sea in small rowboats or sailboats, returning to the red pavilion at the edge of the bay to sell their catch. They hold it up, the fisherwoman haggles, the man guts and filets his fish, counts his money and returns to the sea in a timeless process. The island, like nearby Curaçao, is a free port, with bargains to go with the sun and the sea.

DOMINICA

This is an island of more than 60,000 people that seems deserted. It is 29 miles long and 16 miles wide, with two mountains rising nearly 5,000 feet, dense jungle and rain forest. Planes land once a day at Melville Hall, on the Atlantic coast, and taxis take 2½ hours to jog along the single-lane, rough mountain road that crosses the island. The trip is worth it. There is an excellent hotel, the Ft. Young, in Roseau, plus shops and a large, noisy native market. The island is simple and primitive; a hired driver is necessary to get around, and Ivan Shillingford is one of the best. There are white and black sandy beaches, mountain streams, waterfalls, lakes. The Carib Indians, the last of their tribe, hold out in a reserve on the Atlantic side after fighting off civilization for 200 years. They make baskets now and hand-build their own boats from hollowed trees.

Columbus named this island for the day, Sunday, November 3, 1493, he discovered it during his second voyage. It is now very British—tea in the afternoon—and polite. Islanders have nailed printed signs to their shacks like "Your Courteous Smile Helps Immensely" or "A Pleasing Face Cheers Everyone." The traveler benefits from this friendliness.

ILES DES SAINTES

Only for the adventurous. These six little sun-warmed French islands burst out of the sea about two hours by island motor launch from Guadeloupe. The captains make no fetish of punctuality, and it is wise to check with Mr. Roger Fortuné, director. L'Office du Tourisme in Pointe-à-Pitre about the schedule. The crossing may be rough, and the launch may stop at lonely hidden native villages on Les Saintes to drop off mail, chickens, rum and other necessities, before landing at Terre de Haut, the only town. Here are Europeans on vacation, polished yachts at anchor on their way down the Caribbean chain, fishermen, gendarmes and swarms of kids. Eugène Samson, the huge, convivial mayor of Terre de Haut, lives in the small town overlooking his harbor. Visit him. A jeep tour of the island, the only one with roads, covers Fort Napoleon and private beaches enclosed by cliffs. These islands, with only 1,500 people, are rugged, mountainous. The one hotel sits alone atop Îlet à Cabris. There are few beaches, and swimming and snorkeling are excellent from a boat. **END**

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at Tay Ninh, 45 miles from Saigon. The com-
manding officer, Maj. Gary Wratten, a surgeon
of Silver Spring, Md., was killed; gaping holes
were torn in the roof of one building; over 100

Hospital ward has
dual-wall, air-inflated ribs
of Dacron fabric
that can support heavy
snow loads and withstand
winds of 80 mph.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PHILIP JONES GRIFFITHS

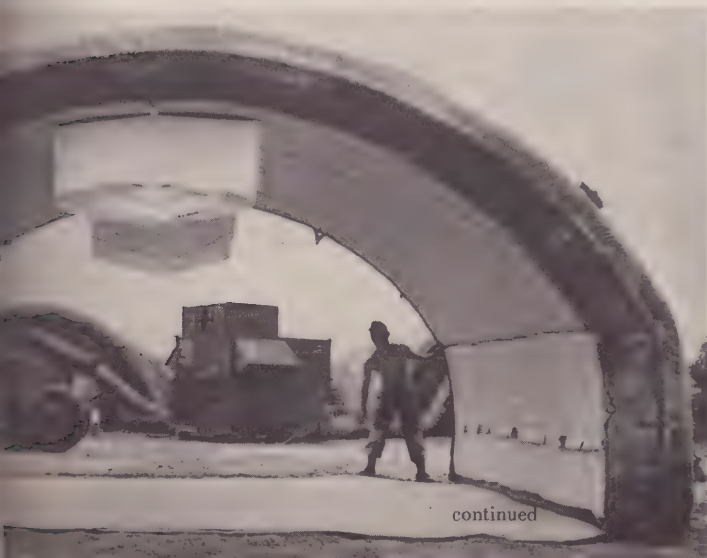


air pressure inside that keeps dust out.

HOSPITAL IN VIETNAM

holes punctured one of the Dacron ward units.

But the surgical section of the \$2 million complex started to function even before all the hospital equipment was out of its special packing crates. Punctures from bullets were quickly repaired with plain olive-drab adhesive tape. Within 20 minutes after the hospital opened its plastic doors, a helicopter landed 100 feet away and delivered the first surgical patients.



continued



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Maybe your last diet flopped because you ate the wrong breakfast.



After dry toast, or black coffee, or the usual "diet breakfast," most people feel so mean and empty they eat twice as much for lunch. Which throws their whole diet out of whack.

But put a bowl of deliciously sweetened Diet Frosted under your belt – you'll feel satisfied and still save calories.

And because it's puffed, a full cup of sweetened Diet Frosted Rice Puffs has only 56 calories; Wheat Puffs only 51. That's less than any other kind of cereal—even less than a slice of dry toast.

The right diet begins with the right breakfast: Diet Frosted. Feel full, look skinny, be happy.

Diet Frosted is pre-sweetened but not with sugar



INSTANT HOSPITAL CONTINUED

A spin-off of the space age, the new hospital system was developed by the Army Medical Service and the AiResearch Division of the Garrett Corporation, which also makes environment controls for astronauts and small jet turbines that supply power for the hospital.

Based on the success in Vietnam, a \$9 million order for additional units has been placed, enough for 6 to 15 hospitals, depending on size and location. Eventually, the Army hopes to replace all its old tent field hospitals.

The system is known as MUST, an abbreviation for "Medical Unit, Self-contained Transportable." It has three elements, or building blocks: 1—a set of honeycomb walls for a completely equipped operating room, material service or laboratory; 2—inflatable shelters for use as patient wards; 3—utility packs for electric power, air conditioning, water heating, pumping and air pressure. The number of building blocks varies with the type of hospital. The hospital can be set up for action in 30 minutes.



Patients recover in the post-

Space-age hospital saves lives

Surgery goes on all night in the fully equipped operating room made of aluminum



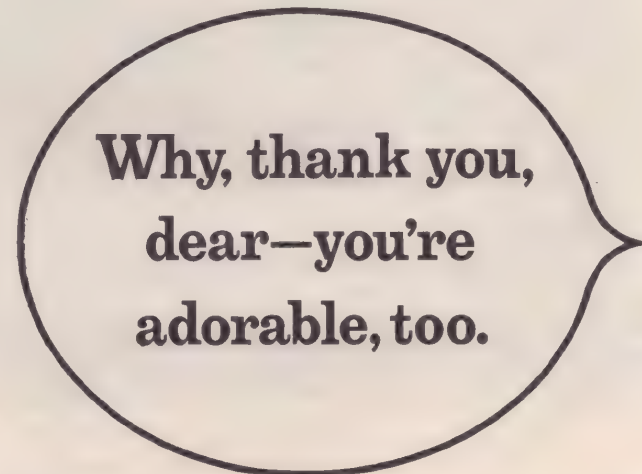
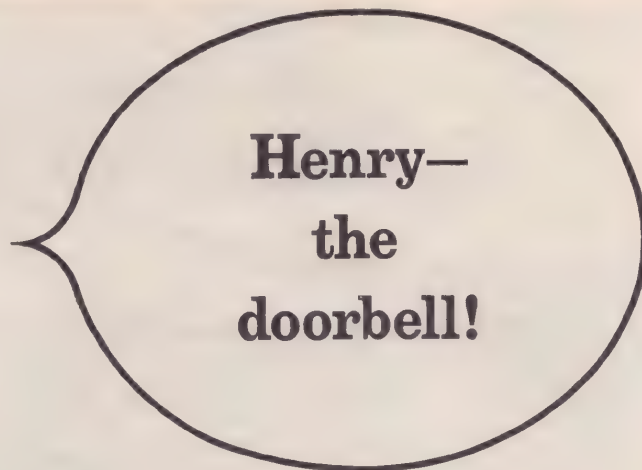


operative ward of the 45th Surgical Hospital. It has staff of over 100.

with fast frontline care

surface panels that accordion into a rigid box for transportation.

END



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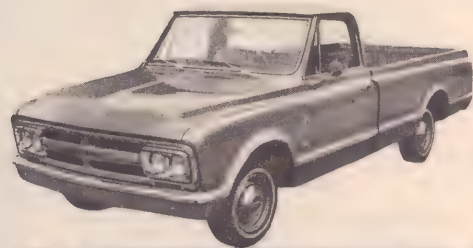
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the best there is anywhere. Safety equipment includes backup lights, soft knobs, energy-absorbing instrument panel, safety door latches and thick laminated windshield. And that's only part of the list. Some people make the

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GMC

What a difference a name makes

ART

Drawings from Hell

BY CHARLOTTE WILLARD

PROFESSOR MAURICIO LASANSKY, who drew the indelible images on these pages, is in charge of the Printmaking Department of the State University of Iowa. Born in Argentina in 1914, and now a citizen of the United States, he has lived in this country since 1943.

Lasansky has been given more than 60 one-man shows, is in leading public collections in the U.S. and abroad, and, as teacher and printmaker, is famous throughout the world. It is easy to see why.

In a picture story of 30 life-size drawings, he produces a morality play of genocide. The cast is small: Nazi soldiers, a prostitute, a mother, some children, a priest and murder. Picture by picture, the tragedy of evil is acted out with the direct force of a dagger to the heart. The drama tells us that killing erases our identity as man, that in the place of love and hope, murder offers us the furtive terror, the violence of the rat pack. Eloquent, understated, steeped in the silence of arrested time, the drawings, one by one, make us know that murder destroys the victim, but the executioner, too, dies—and not as a man but as an animal.

All the drawings were made with ordinary 5-cent pencils. They are occasionally stained with earth colors and a simple brown wash. The pencil line is delicate, sinuous, electric, alive. Most of the drawings are larger than life, over six feet high. There is the Nazi soldier who wears a death's-head as a helmet and carries his own corpse. The prostitute parades before him with shaved head, naked under an officer's coat and ends as a flayed skin with a number. The Nazi mother, with a skeleton prompting her, shows her child the way to death. We see children on meat hooks, a crucified woman who becomes a rag on a rack. Against a background of pages from the Bible, a bishop and his

continued



Caught at the moment of his desperate grief, the starved child victim is immolated on a background of newsprint and the concentration camp numbers that reduced him to zero.



The skull helmet with its teeth visor, the head buried in it, is used throughout the drawings by Mauricio Lasansky as the symbol of the Nazi, his role and his destiny.

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expect two things:**

**More car for your
money. And service
that's second to none.**



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ART CONTINUED

priest stand on a mound of children's skeletons. And always, the figure of the Nazi, who in the end dies by his own hand, castrating himself so that murder should not have children.

"These drawings were in my belly for 25 years," says Lasansky. "I tried to do them two or three times, but they were fragmentary. I found I was thinking as an artist. As an artist, the conception of the Nazi murders did not affect me at all. As a man, it offended me to know how low human beings could sink.

"Once I had that clarified, the sun came out. I made no sketches. The drawings emerged automatically after many trials. I kept myself from giving them an aesthetic appeal. I used everything I knew. Are the aesthetics good or bad? I did not care.

"This is not art for propaganda. I gave myself over to the service of a big idea. I put myself into everyone in the group. How would I cry if I were a starved and doomed child? How would a woman feel to be embraced by a bastard like a Nazi? I tried to identify the actors, the machinery, the iconography, so that the pictures could become unified."

Lasansky used teeth as the sign of brutality and death. Teeth are the last thing to disappear in a human body, and they identify man as a flesh-eater. "The Nazis ate up people, so I made a skull helmet with a visor of teeth as their mark. I got my idea for the gas-chamber picture from the gas masks that were used in World War



The bemedaled soldier wearing a huge animal skull that has become a fancy military hat, hides his bloody fist behind his back. The swastika armband oozes blood.

I. I made a *Pietà* of a Nazi victim. Michelangelo in making his *Pietà* had a body to work with. For my *Pietà* I had only a skin and a number."

Except for the Crucifixion, only rarely have tragic historical events been transformed into art. Bosch with his paintings of Hell, Bruegel with his *Massacre of the Innocents*, Goya's *Disasters of War* attain the high-tension condensed images that make us feel and know the fact. Lasansky's drawings have this power.

"I would like a memorial built for my drawings. I would want mothers to take their children to see them as they take them to art in museums. You don't have to be a religious person to believe that life is sacred, that there are no inferior or superior races. These are educational problems, and if we don't solve them, we are idiots. We can't have a double standard and accept the Nazis for convenience sake. This is the rope by which we hang ourselves tomorrow."

Did Lasansky go to the concentration camps? Did he see the gas chamber, the piles of skeletons? "I've never been to Germany in my life," he said. "I've never seen a concentration camp. Did you have to be a witness at the Crucifixion to paint Christ?"

Mauricio Lasansky's Nazi Drawings, exhibited at the Philadelphia Museum of Art from January 17 through February 19, will be at the Whitney Museum in New York from March 22 to April 30.

END

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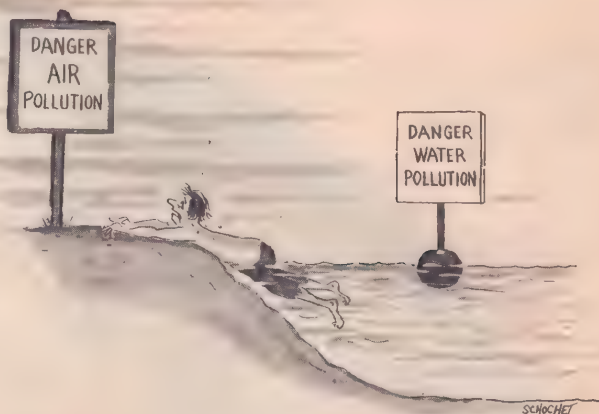
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"A cigarette . . . have you got a cigarette?"



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PADDLE TENNIS

The winter sport
that's "in"
in suburbia

THE HOT GAME in cold country these days is platform paddle tennis. In Darien, Conn., the Wayne Homans family and their neighbors enjoy the sport in the Homanses' backyard only 25 miles from Scarsdale, N. Y., where it was invented in 1928. A winterized form of tennis, it has basically the same rules, but is

played with short-handled wooden paddles and a sponge-rubber ball on a raised 44-by-20-foot wooden court enclosed by a 12-foot-high wire screen. This scaled-down tennis is easier to learn and play than the regular game. Entire families, even spry grandparents, compete in smashing winter Wimbledons.

PRODUCED BY JOHN PETER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VINCENT NANFRA



In community finals, warm friends become fiery rivals on this 15-family court. "It's like playing Ping-Pong standing on a table," says one paddle pusher.





How tree farming helped save our nation's forests.

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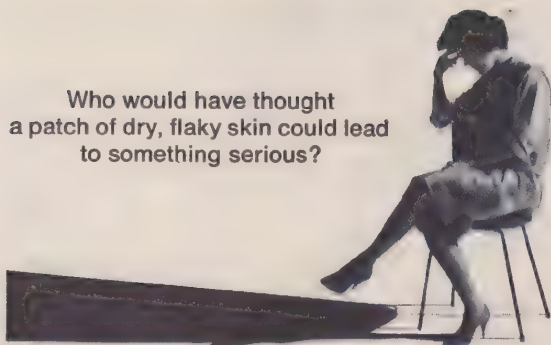
The result: The nation is now growing 61% more wood than is harvested.

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M.D.'s Please Note: A NEW edition of our scientific paper, "People in Distress," is now available. Request on your letterhead.

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A YOUNG MAN'S

BOLD SLACKS

IT'S EASY to see who's wearing the pants in the family this spring. They come on loud and clear, which is the way young men want them. Typical of the call to colors are the slacks here and on the next pages, photographed at New York City's newest "in" spot for sipping and supping, The Running Footman.

Here, from left, Alan Helms holds forth in hot Aztec print, a cotton-jeans model, of turquoise, yellow, green and navy (\$10). Lee Marshall's close-fitting westerns, with frontier pockets, are printed corduroy in black-and-white check (\$8). Peter Jaeger, last but not least in visibility, wears narrow, low-rise slacks of a cotton-Orlon-rayon blend in beige with an orange overplaid (\$16). You won't disappear into the woodwork in any of these attention-getters.

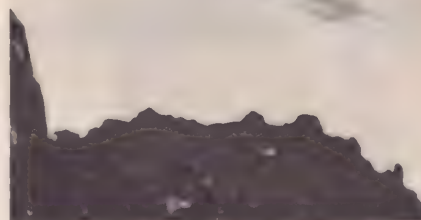
Both the Aztec-print and checked-corduroy versions (Contact Slacks by Miller) take a low investment, even lower upkeep, being wash-and-wear. The large-plaid pants are machine washable and come from Jaymar-Ruby.

continued

PRODUCED BY
IRIS BAUER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PHILLIP HARRINGTON

FLYING SAUCERS



FACT?

Whether this unretouched photograph proves that UFO's are a fact is not known—but the naval officers who saw this 'saucer' were trained observers, and nobody has found another explanation!



FANTASY?

This photograph seems to show extraterrestrial spacecraft invading Hartford, Conn. But turn it upside down to see that it was a rainy day on the Charter Oak Bridge.

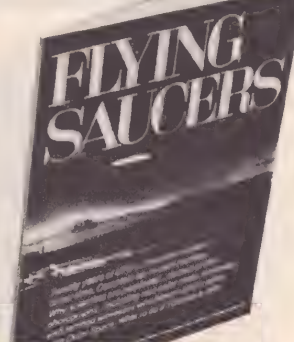
A
LOOK
SPECIAL

BY THE EDITORS OF
UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL
AND COWLES COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

Here are the known facts and the startling conjectures about twenty years of 'sightings.' It exposes the hoaxes, reveals the errors and illusions, and tells the first-hand stories of people whose experiences *still have not been explained*. Page after page of United Press International photographs, including rare color shots, scientific theories, eyewitness reports, details of incidents still marked 'unexplained' on the official inquiry records are all presented frankly and objectively, so you can decide for yourself whether Unidentified Flying Objects do exist.

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FANCY PANTS CONTINUED



Harbinger of spring: the newly booming Paisley-print pants

Lee, who can't tell twins Margaret and Barbara Vary apart, settles for taking them both out. The classic Paisley pattern of his nontraditional pants is gold and white on a navy background. Fairly dressy with a dark blazer, as shown, they are very casual combined with a black polo shirt or gold sweater. Trousers by Newman (\$30) are tropical wool-worsted.

continued

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With a little neglect

it
can
be
a
honey

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FANCY PANTS
CONTINUED

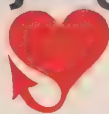


**Bartender lends an
ear to striped-pants wearer**

Peter, in blazer-stripe pants, tells all to barman at The Running Footman. This is a plain-front model, blue-and-black striped on ivory ground. Of Arnel and cotton (automatic wash-and-wear), they are by Seven Seas (\$12.50), would look well with a solid-color jacket or blazer.

END

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WARM-WATER



FISH STORY

IMAGINE WALKING from city pavement or country road onto a hot, sandy beach . . . drifting lazily into blue-green-lavender water up to your waist. Wiggle your toes vicariously in the silken sea, then mentally cast out a huge net and haul in a catch of gaudy warm-water fish like these. Imagine them cooked just to the point of savory perfection, with you about to dive in—into the dish, that is. Imagine it? Do it!

But if an island-hopping winter vacation in the sun can only be a dream for now, substitute good North American sea fare, season and cook it with saucy skill. Here are five untiring ways to take a cook's tour in your own kitchen.

Mussels with tomato sauce:

Rub 5 lbs. mussels with stiff brush or scouring pad; rinse well. Discard any that are open, do not close when tapped smartly. Put mussels in pan with 1 cup water. Cook,

covered, until all are open, 7-10 mins. Do not overcook. Dip 6 red-ripe tomatoes in boiling water for 12 secs., lift into cold water (to prevent further cooking), then peel. Cut in half, squeeze out most of seeds. Chop coarsely. Cook 3 cloves garlic, minced, in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil without browning, about 3 mins. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid from mussels, 2 tbsps. tomato paste, 1 tsp. salt, peeled and chopped tomatoes. Simmer just 5 mins.; add grating of fresh black pepper. Heap mussels in serving dish (one side of each shell may be discarded), pour sauce over. Tumble lightly to coat mussels. Serve with crusty bread. Serves 4 as main course, 6-8 as appetizer.

Fish with fresh vegetables:

Use striped bass or any sweet, white-meat fish. Heat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup olive oil in heavy pan, mix in $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups each sliced carrot, onion, 1 cup sliced potato, 1 green pepper, seeded and

sliced. Sauté, covered, 5 mins. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup dry white wine, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt; cook, covered, 10 mins. Nestle into the vegetables 2 whole fish, each weighing $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 lbs. cleaned. Sprinkle fish lightly with salt. Cover, cook 10 mins., just until fish is tender. Serves 2-4.

Shrimp with garlic butter:

Quickly rinse in cold water, then pat dry 3 lbs. large unpeeled shrimp. Heat 1 tbsp. olive oil, 3 tbsps. butter in skillet, add shrimp; cook over medium heat about 3 mins. on each side. Heap into serving dish. Mince 1 large clove garlic, mix with $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt, crush with blade of knife. Add to 3 tbsps. melted butter. Pour over shrimp or serve as dipping sauce. Serves 3-4 as main course.

Rice seasoned with fish

heads: Cut 4 ozs. thick or Smithfield bacon into strips. Cook in heavy pan until partially crisp. Lift out bacon, set aside. Sauté 3 cups long-

grain rice in bacon fat until rice is opaque. Add 3 cups clam broth, 2 cups water, 1 tsp. salt, 6 heads of cod or mackerel. Simmer, covered, 15 mins., until rice is just tender, has absorbed flavor of fish. (Can substitute 6 cod steaks for heads.) Scatter bacon over rice, garnish with orange slices. Serves 6.

Fish with red-pepper sauce:

Use butterfish, perch or smelt, 1 or more per person. Rinse under cold water, pat dry. Heat 1 tbsp. each oil, butter in skillet, sprinkle fish with salt, pepper. Fry over medium heat, about 5 mins. each side. Turn once only. **For Sauce:** Fry crisp 1 thick strip bacon, diced. Drain. Pour off half the fat. Add to pan 4 tbsps. chopped onion; cook golden. Add 6 tbsps. diced pimento, 2 tbsps. each dry vermouth, water, 1 tsp. lime juice, dash Tabasco, salt. Simmer 3 mins., add bacon and simmer 1 min. Serves 4.

FOR COOKS FED UP WITH WINTER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO



Mussels and shrimp, as shown here, top and bottom, are familiar to most of America. But the other species in these cooked dishes originally darted and languished in warmer waters. The tiny redfish is fried whole; jewfish heads and bacon flavor rice garnished with tart fresh orange slices instead of lemon; "dental" fish is steamed with crisp winter vegetables.

END

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Dodge Trucks



LEW
ALCINDOR:

Alone in a crowd

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor is out of this world, and he won't be back until 1969. He scooped up a flying object when he left—the college basketball. For the next two and a half years, demoralized coaches will agonize in cold sweats of frustration. And, chances are, six-foot-six-inch pivotmen, suffering little-boy complexes, will turn out for games at UCLA's slick Pauley Pavilion armed with rubber-tipped stepladders.

"Alcindor could play for any pro team right now," says Dick McGuire, coach of the revived New York Knickerbockers. "But," he adds with a dash of mixed feelings, "I hope we don't get him. We'd have to finish last to pick Lew as a first-draft choice, and that would cost me my job."

Still wiry at 235 lbs., Alcindor is 7-feet-1 $\frac{3}{4}$ -inches tall and stretching by the second. He aids and abets altitude with surprising speed, deftness and short-range shooting skill. "Lew has improved," says his coach, John Wooden, "but he still has a long way to go to attain the maturity and experience he needs. I want him and his teammates to feel the pressure it takes to win. He has to earn it—deserve it."

continued

Ten Lew Alcindors, right, could mean national honors for any two colleges in the country. His team, UCLA, hopes for glory this year.



ALCINDOR CONTINUED

Coach Wooden: "Lew will hit all the troubles. I just hope he can compensate."



Like all good shooters, Alcindor is fouled often. Above, he tenses for another free throw.



A University of Southern California defender waves at the net as Alcindor curls for a reverse dunker. The Bruins won, with Alcindor scoring 56 points.

Alcindor faces other kinds of perils away from the court. Because of his size and skill, he is hounded by a yapping crescendo of publicity and chased by packs of curious fans. "It doesn't affect me," says Lew. "I believe that when you know yourself, realize your own identity and what is expected of you, then it's really no bother at all. This is what I must get used to."

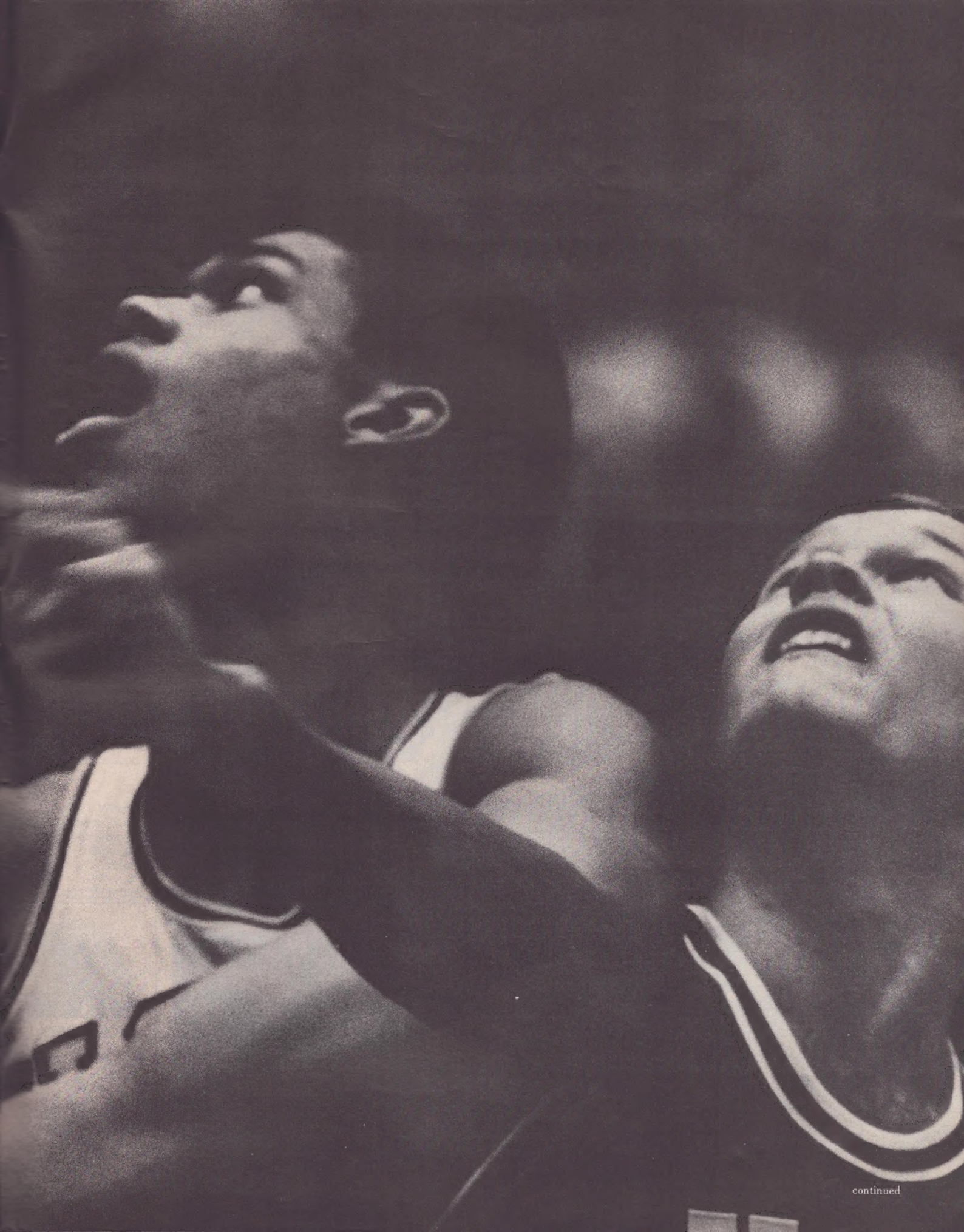
A wide-open Bruin attack, tight, man-to-man defensive play, plus the coaching of John Wooden, influenced Alcindor's decision to travel West. When he's on the court, Lew scares people. Some fear that his dominating height takes some of the sport out of the game, especially when he's watched smothering the basket

from the rafters. Others point to the booby traps set for him on dashes to the bucket: this season, he has been double- and triple-teamed, blocked out, stepped on, grabbed, elbowed. Rules forbid him to linger under the hoop on offense, and overeagerness on defense can bring charges of goal tending against him.

"Lew will hit all the troubles," says Coach Wooden. "I just hope he can compensate. But if his teammates can get the ball into him deep, he'll score. Fundamentally, Lew is a nice boy. He doesn't have all the ideas on defense yet, but he has no mental blocks and is receptive to teaching. I'd say his high-school coach [at Power Memorial], Jack Donohue, did a tremendous job with the boy."

PRODUCED BY WILLIAM J. McKEAN
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES HANSEN

Alcindor holds his ground under the boards as he sets for a rebound.



continued

ALCINDOR CONTINUED

Duke defenders, led by 6-foot-7-inch Mike Lewis, right, try to squeeze Alcindor out of the play.



Too churned up to eat, Alcindor grinds down opponents in a game

"I've played against Alcindor at summer camps and clinics," says New York Knick star, Willis Reed, "and there's no question about it—for a big man, he's well coordinated, aggressive and pretty good on defense too. If Wilt Chamberlain ever quits in a few years and Bill Russell slows down, Lew can be the No. 1 center in the league as a rookie."

"Lew is exceptionally well-liked by his teammates," adds Wooden. "When he scored 56 points against Southern California, they knew he was supposed to shoot. But when he's bothered, he won't force his shot;

he knows that I want no stars. Stars expect too much. Around here, my managers don't pick up towels and dirty socks."

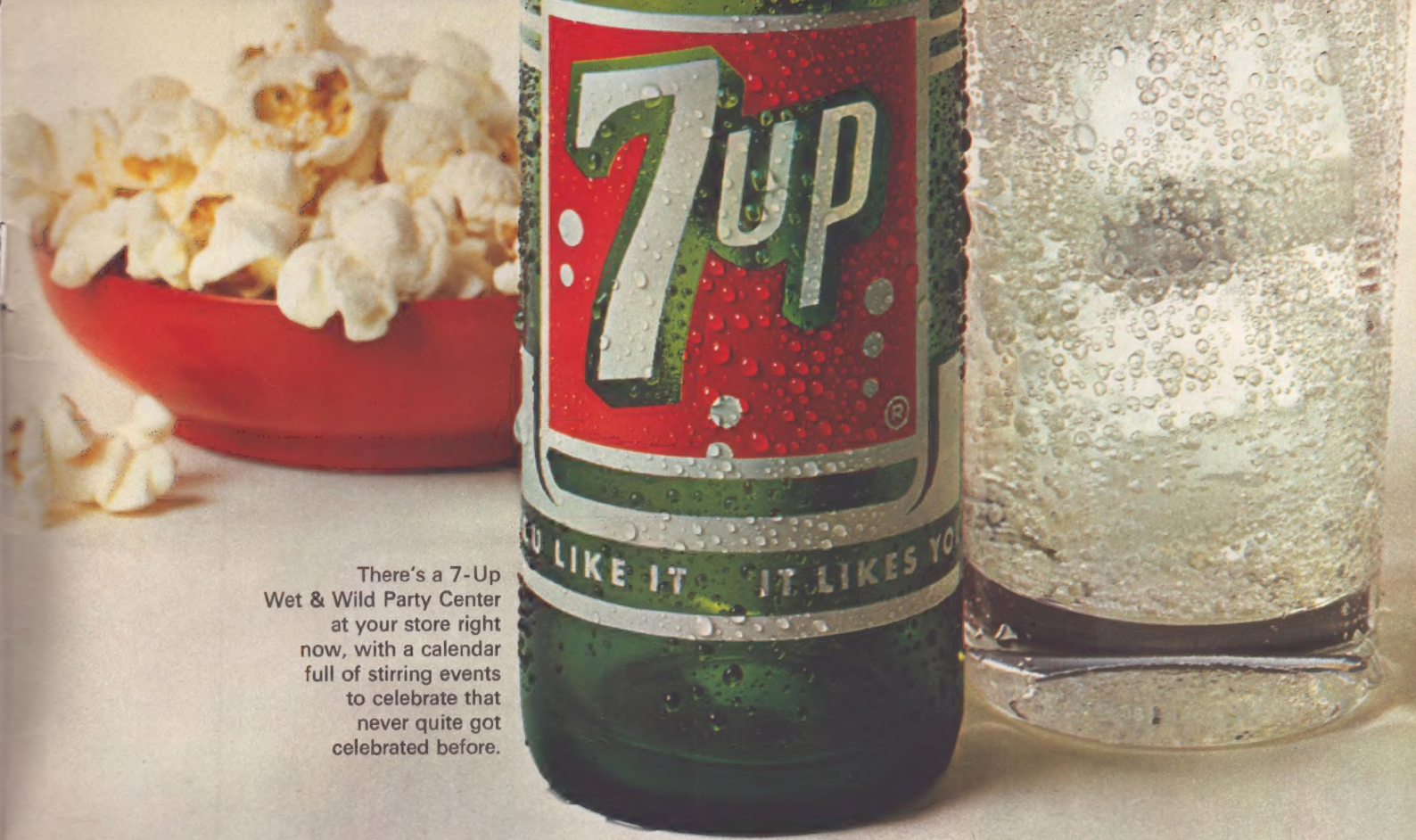
California campus life distracts New Yorker Alcindor. He prefers a quiet apartment in nearby Santa Monica. "I couldn't take those dormitories," says Lew. "It's too loony around there." When he enters a campus dining hall, eyes fix on the doorway, waiting for that eventual swoop when his head clears the arch. Once inside, he seems to fill the room. Lew seldom eats after practice, but he's a team man even at the training table. He fills his tray, only to pass it off to a grateful teammate. "I'm always too churned up after those sessions," Lew explains. "Besides, I make up for it at breakfast by eating big steaks." In warm-ups, he often turns trancelike. He slouches, folds massive hands under his warm-up jacket and scans the upper reaches of the gym. Seconds later, he goes out and intimidates his opponents for 40 minutes.

"There are a lot of phonies out here," says Alcindor, with a flicker of homesickness. "They pat you on the back and forget you a minute later. Back in New York, you know where you stand. If people don't like you, they don't even look. My parents moved to Hollis [Queens, N.Y.], and I haven't even been there yet, but I expect to make it for Easter."

John Wooden is aware of Lew's loneliness but doesn't think it affects him. "New Yorkers out here are more loyal than most people," he says. "Besides, if he didn't miss his family, there would be something wrong. . . . Alcindor's future? If this boy ever puts it all together, operating on defense as he does on offense, he can truly be the best."

Alcindor coils, waits for his opening, then crashes through for a loose ball.





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<p>5</p>  <p>What's his name's birthday</p>	<p>6</p>  <p>Opening of Raisin Bread Sweepstakes</p>	<p>7</p>  <p>Louis Agassiz Fuertes' birthday</p>	<p>8</p>  <p>1802 ... Simon Willard patents the Banjo Clock</p>	<p>9</p>  <p>1870 ... Founding of the United States Weather Bureau</p>	<p>10</p>  <p>1933 ... First singing telegram is sung</p>	
<p>12</p>  <p>Cotton Mather's birthday</p>	<p>13</p>  <p>1867 ... Johann Strauss conducts the "Blue Danube" for the first time</p>	<p>14</p>  <p>Valentine's Day</p>	<p>15</p>  <p>1964 ... Finnish man says "I hate beds" ... goes without sleep 276 hours</p>	<p>16</p>  <p>1905 ... Founding of the Esperanto Club</p>	<p>17</p>  <p>1876 ... Canning of the first sardine</p>	
<p>19</p> 	<p>20</p> 	<p>21</p> 	<p>22</p> 	<p>23</p> 	<p>24</p> 	

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